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FORTNIGHTLY

# KERRANG!

Britain's loudest rock mag!

**In colour . . .  
SAXON!  
TRIUMPH!  
GRAND  
PRIX!  
STATUS QUO!  
STARFIGHTERS!  
DEF LEPPARD!  
MOLLY HATCHET!  
ROCK GODDESS!  
PAT TRAVERS!  
FRANK MARINO!**

**AC/DC!**

**Loverboy!  
Win Saxon's  
guitar strap!  
Tank!**

**EXCLUSIVE!!!  
GLENN HUGHES!**





# MAYHEM!

**VAN HALEN**, who recently played the San Remo Festival, Italy, are now back in Los Angeles recording their fifth album 'Dive Her Down'. The title, we're told, has nothing to do with **Dave Lee Roth**, as you might expect, but is the brainchild of drummer **Alex Van Halen**.

Taking his leave from sundry figgers after Hagar's second Hammersmith concert, a spiritually replete **Bill Church** was heard to mutter "ZeeyallaDonton" or, loosely translated, "See you all at Donington." Now putting two and two together (we're good at that)

this either means he'll be sinking in the mud as an interested observer (unlikely) or up there onstage pumping it out with hyper-active **Sam**.

The latter, incidentally, has finally confirmed that, yes, **Ronnie Montrose** is a good guitarist. And, no, he wasn't drunk.

PARTING IS never easy and for producer **Chris Tsangarides** and Canadian lewd boys **Anvil** it was especially tough. Having collaborated on the band's forthcoming 'Metal On Metal' album and, as reported in the last issue of Kerrang!, virtually reduced a respected studio to rubble, the two had developed a special bond. Thus, when it came time for Cypriot-born Tsangarides to head off

on his next assignment the band good boys at heart, presented him with a tea-pot, encased in studded leather and gift-wrapped in chains. Tsangarides, with typical boldness, is now declaring himself possessor of the first HM tea-pot and with **Saxon** on the road in America there's no-one here to match his claim. Unless, of course, you happen to have

A NEW addition to the Whitley Bay ranks of the walking wounded is **Tygers Of Pan Tang** bassist **Rocky**. After undergoing a lumbar puncture for suspected fluid on the brain, the hospital forgot to insist he spend the next 48 hours on his back with the result that he was taken ill just 15 minutes before the band's recent gig at West Runton. Apparently, kids who'd bought tickets were offered an instant refund but the general consensus was that the show should go on — even with a depleted rhythm section.

The band, who've cancelled the rest of their British tour as well as some Yugoslavian dates with **Gillan**, are currently rehearsing a stand-in bassist and looking to reschedule the cancelled shows.

NEWCASTLE necromancers **Venom** are having a little trouble setting up gigs. Their bomb-ridden stageshow is now far too extravagant, if not to say downright dangerous, for the local pub circuit and the last time they squeezed into a back room venue they singed the walls and ceiling and were kindly asked to leave.

Their satanic stance, incidentally, isn't just a calculated ploy to stand



**Ted Nugent: The Nuge attempts Motley Crue hairstyle!**

out from the crowd. In the current issue of HM fanzine 'Axe Attack', bass player **Cronos** makes it clear that his penchant for the pagan stretches right back to his formative days in short trousers. "I left school with one O level," says the evil one, "and that was for an English project about vampires!"

**NEAL KAY**, voted third best DJ in the Kerrang! poll, has been appointed by the Inner London Education Authority to teach school children about music. He's hoping to launch his lecturing career at a school in Kennington, South London, where, in an attempt to foster the classier rock musicians of tomorrow, he'll be outlining the music's history (starting with the blues) as well as touching on other aspects like festival organisation and electronics.

To assist his instruction he'll be using a full soundsystem, transported to the various seats of learning by a three-ton truck and a road crew of six one of whom, we're assured, designs missile guidance systems for Marconi!

The idea for the enterprise came to Neal after a chance conversation with a student at the Royal College of Music. Now it's just a question of

**HAVING COVERED** Ozzy's recent US excesses in quite extensive detail we'd decided to exclude him from these pages for a while. Which just goes to show you can't keep a good maniac down. Tired of being everyone's favourite anti-christ and having gone as far as any one man can go up the path of outrage, the cod-pieced, cross-carrying Ozz has apparently decided to reform, forsaking a blood-gorged, bat-guzzling past for the more sedate but hugely-rewarding pleasures of... ventriloquism! By all accounts, his newly-acquired dummy, **Ronnie** (no relation) is the strong, silent type, remaining tight-lipped until asked about **Black Sabbath** when frothing, foaming and fighting he has to be put back in his case. **Tony Iommi** has yet to be mentioned.





persuading headmasters to leave their pupils in his charge. We wish him luck.

ANYBODY CATCH Meatloaf on the Old Grey Whistle Test recently? God, what a dismal performance. The man was out of breath and out of tune, looking in constant danger of permanent cardiac arrest. Indeed, one wondered whether Meat would actually make it through the next song without falling over or swallowing his microphone. Here at Kerrang! we were extremely perturbed.

LA GLAM rockers **Motley Crue** have set up a European tour supporting **Wishbone Ash**, commencing in mid-March. Word has it they'll also be playing in the UK during April. In the meantime they've continued to cause quite a stir in LA, engaging in a fracas outside the Rainbow bar and grill. It seems that a collection of bikers took offence over bassist **Nikki Sixx** and **Vince Neil's** looks as they were leaving the club one night, and threatened to disrupt the singer's hairstyle. The cops were called and Sixx allegedly offered his clenched fist to one of the boys in blue. The end result was a black eye for the bass player and a 'swollen neck' for young Vince. The bikers have been 'taken care of' and Motley Crue are now locked tight in rehearsals for the Euro-trek.

**OZZY OSBOURNE IN THE US** (Part 135) The madman's latest escapade took place during a photosession in San Antonio, where he politely emptied his bladder in front of the Alamo — we were truly disgusted to hear of such happenings. Afterwards, Ozzy claimed that his main goal in life was 'to piss on the steps of the Whitehouse!'



Vince Neil: Blown-back or air-brushed?



FORMER HAWKWIND drummer Simon King has spent the last few months rehearsing and recording demos with London-based Turbo. The band, completed by Ian Henderson (bass), Andy Wilde (guitar), Tom Jackson (vocals) and Simon House (violin/keyboards), who had a long stint on the road with Bowie, have generated interest on both sides of the Atlantic with a strong five-track demo and have already been snapped up by the ITB agency.

MEET TRAVIS W. Redfish, quite simply the greatest (and grossest!) roadie America has ever seen!

Thrill as the big boy from Texas powers gigs by burning bullshit (try explaining that to UFO), fixes no-hoper gigs for Alice Cooper, Blondie and several others, and steps in to stop bar fights in San Antonio!

Then sit back and realise that Travis W Redfish is none other than Meatloaf — or should that just be plain old Marvin Lee Aday? But there's nothing plain about HM's answer to the Incredible Hulk's performance in this film, and in fact there's nothing plain about the film either.

Quite simply 'Roadie' is a film that's guaranteed to make you laugh. Telling a simple story of a 'plain ole Texas boy' who rises to fame as the best gadget fixer in the whole U-nited States the film is made up of hilarious cameos, debut acting appearances by all of Blondie and Meatloaf, and some great music that ranges from Roy Orbison (remember him?) and Hank Williams Jr playing 'The Eyes Of Texas' in a cowboy bar to good old Alice Cooper slinging his snake around the stage — thanks to Travis getting it right again.

Don't expect a cinematic masterpiece (the film is over two years old and has only just been released in this country after a disastrous first showing in America), but do expect some enlightening American fun. Everything from giant open-air gigs with the most ridiculous rigs you're ever likely to see, right down to a 'real' Texas shotgun wedding, where the mighty Meatloaf rolls in as best man, and



the unfortunate groom is so drunk he has to be dragged up to the (outdoor) altar to the cacophony of rifle fire!

Meatloaf's acting is a revelation, ranging from true country boy innocence to Deep South humour, and set against Debbie Harry's embarrassingly stilted delivery he emerges as a real star... and the one with all the best lines. How about, 'Is Alice Cooper one of Charlie's Angels?' for starters?

All-in-all 'Roadie' is an undemanding romp, and one that's going to raise a few more chuckles — and a lot better business — than it ever did in the States. The only mystery is, why did it take so long for it to be released over here? And are the distributors going to give it a fair chance?

Give it a go, but be warned, it's the laughs and not the music that'll win you over in the end. JOHN SHEARLAW



# THUNDER FROM

Photographs by Robert Ellis



## Laura Canyon talks to Brian Johnson and Angus Young of AC/DC

**I**MAGINARY GUITAR heroes are standing on metal chairs, twitching. Imaginary guitar heroes who've had one too many quaaludes have fallen off the chairs midway through a strenuous riff and are piled up twitching on the floor. The arena looks like it's filled with the kind of hopelessly diseased and uncontrollable bodies that benefit from a Jerry Lewis telethon. If they took off their shirts and lifted their trousers they'd all look a lot like Angus Young.

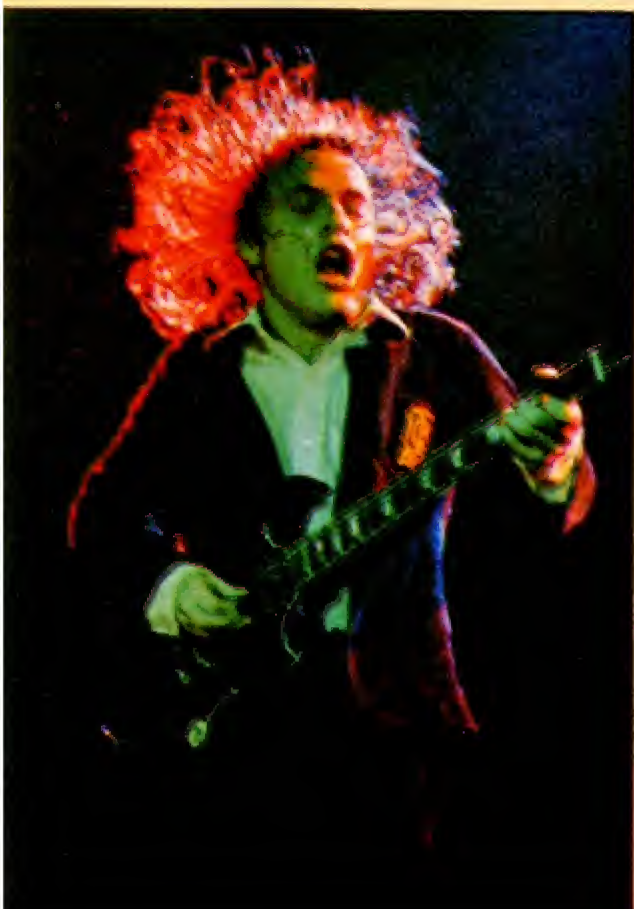
But it's not a good idea on a night like tonight in Indianapolis, cold enough to freeze the balls off a wallaby. It wasn't such a good idea either to spend half the day queueing outside in temperatures well below zero to get the best seats in the house, but this is what 17,000 Indianans have just done, with only alcohol to ward off frostbite. Inside it smells like a distillery. Light a match and you'd put the majority of the young male population of the "Crossroads of America" (as the welcome sign at the airport announced, like "Crossroads", very little appears

to go on here!) out of their misery.

People are whooping at the big black curtains. When, from behind the blackness, a bell starts tolling and the band goes on, all hell breaks loose. "Whoaaaaargh!!!" screams Brian Johnson, stomping the stage like a working-class rhino, all flat cap and beer-belly, charged and horny. "Whoaaaaargh!!!" echoes Indianapolis, as people drop their bottles and their banners and their girlfriends to get down to the serious business of imaginary soloing and airpunching. 'Hells Bells' starts off an hour and a half of hot and heavy bludgeoning rock. It's loud. LOUD. Wonderful stuff. Statistics show that one American goes deaf every 15 minutes, but tonight at least half the audience walked out with bleeding ears.

'Sin City', 'Back In Black', 'Got The Jack', 'Highway To Hell', 'Dirty Deeds', 'Whole Lotta Rosie', 'Let There Be Rock' — sod the record company, who needs to plug the new album when it's double platinum already and the kids want to hear the old familiar stuff. With a couple of exceptions

Angus: "I may wear black underwear now and again, but I don't drink blood."





# DOWN UNDER

it's your basic best of AC/DC set, the only difference from last year's best of AC/DC set being the cannons during the encore, exploding in smoke in time to the newest AC/DC anthem, 'For Those About To Rock'. As if this bunch didn't have enough balls as it is! Still, it's nice to know in this ever-changing world that there's something that you can depend upon to stay the same.

AC/DC is still the best hard rock band in the world, and if you dispute that you can't deny that they're at least the hardest-working. Johnson stomping, flexing his muscles, wearing the boards down to blotting paper, punching the air, striking macho poses, hands on his hips and screaming, a fine man to have around if you're getting mugged. A firm, solid, thudding rhythm section. And Angus, nutty Angus, head down, rocketing across the stage, falling to his knees, shaking sweat over the madmen in the first 10 rows, the ones that queued up forever to get a good view of the HM facial expressions; mounting the speakers, lying on his back, kicking the air like some American brat who wasn't given his Breakfast of Champions with the free plastic battleship. Jumping onto Johnson's shoulders, taking his tamed cordless guitar on walkies through the audience on the back of a bouncer (not that Brian's any weakling, but with 17,000 kids things get crazy. In Detroit someone's fingernails took some nice skin samples off Angus's chest). Then, standing in the centre of a stream of lights, an unlikely but brilliant guitar hero, while the crowd raves on at the Thunder from Down Under. By the third encore, the cannons fire and the amps are screaming. So's the audience. So are my ears as I head backstage, but there's still a smile on my face.

**I**N ONE of the larger dressing rooms, there's bowls full of Smarties and beer and Perrier. The rest of the room is full of girls. Girls in spandex and push-up bras, girls well under the American age of drinking, let alone consent. Girls asking each other how strong this 'Perrier' stuff is! Girls whose adolescent acne is highlighted even more by the relentless fluorescent lights. Three particularly noisy specimens are dressed in identical T-shirts and sitting next to each other with their backs to the mirror. One's well-filled T-shirt reads "WE'VE". Number two's reads "GOT". The third says "BALLS". Some of the crew are interrogating them as to the truth of the statement. Reminds me of when Bon, God rest him, used to turn up for interviews wrapped around two such blonde beasts with a grin wider than a limousine.

Right now Angus's hands are wrapped round a cup of tea. He



Brian and Angus: 'We're just pranksters.'

takes a while to come down, hardly surprising, so Brian's brought round to the tiny dressing room nearby to talk to me first. I never do get to find out which of the girls from this backstage supermarket gets left on the shelf. Or how strong Perrier is.

"Och," groans Brian in that thick accent that passes for a variation on the English language. He's gripping his side. "I thought it was me f--king appendix about to blow up, but it's just a f--king stitch. I played racquetball for the first time," he looks suitably sheepish, "it's just like squash — and I f--king ran into the wall. We're all hitting each other with the racquets because we didn't know what the f--k we were doing. And I thought I was fit! It killed us." He sinks back into the chair, a comfortable-looking bloke, still in the T-shirt and cap. He opens a medicinal bottle of beer.

Racquetball! And there's 17,000 people out there tonight who think the only physical activity HM bands get up to are what's found onstage, or backstage in that dressing room full of spandex.

"Och," Brian gives me a disapproving look. "You never f--k them! You leave them alone. There's nasty diseases going around America. I'll tell you! You shake hands and that's it. That's for the crew — they're the ones with backstage passes, not us! We have good clean fun you know — a quick game of cards and all that," he chuckles. "I'm saying nothing. Me, I'm married with two kids." One of the girls knocks on the door and asks him when he and Angus are going to pop in and "say hi."

So, Brian, how does it feel to be a sex symbol in America?

"Who me??? You're joking! A Sex Symbol? Thing is though, these gigs in America — the boys were sitting round in the dressing room last week and saying, do you know this is the first time they've actually heard girls scream at them? Because in England it's nearly all lads. Most of the audience is fellas in America as well, but since we started this tour there's been a lot of girls. I don't know, I think it's because we're on the f--king radio so much. I don't think it can be me good looks!

"You've caught like about the 12th gig. Funny thing is we've been going great on this tour. All the gigs have sold out, real big places too. Last time we played Indianapolis — last year, and I'd just joined the band — we played to about 4,000. Tonight what is there? 17,000? And it's brand-new audiences. We did three nights in Chicago and Detroit which are great, because it's just like Glasgow or Newcastle, the American equivalent, and they've known the band for years so they know every song. But it's funny here tonight, playing songs like 'Sin City', because it shows in their faces that they don't know what the f--k it is! Because the only albums they've bought so far are 'Highway To Hell' (the first American breakthrough for AC/DC and the one that finally got them away from slogging the clubs) 'Back In Black' and 'Dirty Deeds'. A few of them have got the new album, but it's not fair to them to do too many off it. I MEAN, WE HARDLY KNOW THEM EITHER! We're just getting used to the bastards, and I'm still

trying to learn the f--king words!" Brian chortles heartily.

"They're weird, though, these American kids." He launches into a wonderful impersonation of a Texan with a Geordie accent, collapsing into laughter again and clutching his wounded side.

"We've had some f--king great nights, but around now it starts getting to be more like work. The beginning of the tour's great, because even if you're rotten you don't give a shit, you're just so happy to be back together again and playing. But around now you've got to knuckle under a bit and start doing things right. You've got to stop enjoying yourself — not in the true sense of the word, but it does get more like a job."

**O**THER than the appearance at Donington, AC/DC hadn't played together live in a long while — a rarity for the band that's been on the road so much in the past years that it's still of no fixed address.

"Donington," muses Brian, "was the first time we played together in six months. We were shitting ourselves. F--k, we haven't played this, we haven't played anything. And all these other bands are in the middle of touring and they're red-hot tight. But we had the biggest ball of our lives. Didn't give a shit!"

The gig, he said, put them in the right frame of mind to get back to finishing the new album, which wasn't going exactly as smooth as a pool table. They'd been recording in France, just to make a change, and producer Mutt Lange was telling them, "hey lads, it's just not cutting it in here; the sound's not right," and they tried several more studios before inviting a mobile studio over from Britain to finish the job properly in a week. "We're dead chuffed with it though. I'm chuffed to bits. Because after the first one — well I was dead lucky then. I was scared shit this time."

Brian's first album with the band, 'Back In Black', was the monster smash in the States that people had been saying AC/DC deserved for years. Coming after the slightly Americanised 'Highway To Hell' it had a great combination of wild and repressed emotion; not surprising since it followed so soon after Bon Scott's death. And it was the album that Johnson, straight from a band only big in the North, fell headlong into.

"I couldn't believe it, that album," he looks suitably shocked. "I thought, f--king hell, what have I done?! Whatever I did I'm going to keep on doing it; I'm not going to bother changing for anybody! It did 12 million albums. And it's just gone back into the American charts with a bullet. I'm chuffed to bits! But with the new one — you can never be com-

**CONTINUES NEXT PAGE**



## AC/DC FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

placent. You can't sit back and say 'hey the last one worked'. It's still up to the kids whether they buy it or tell you to f--king piss off and try again, don't try to bullshit us. But I've done my best. I've done my f--king best."

"*Dirty Deeds*" released early last year in the States, sold three million copies itself. Not bad for a five-year-old album. But it seemed a bit odd, just as the audiences had come to accept a new singer, to go and resurrect the old one.

"There was a lot of magazines that gave us quite a bit of stick — yours was one of them." The mild-mannered Geordie's trying hard not to get too mad. "It got to the band a lot, and to me. Snide little remarks. And when they start knocking dead people it really pisses me off." He's referring to a little item about Bon's lyrics in this here mag. "They thought they were being clever, but they don't realise that they're talking about people, and those people have feelings."

"You know the first thing Angus and Malcolm said to me when I joined this band? They said, 'do you mind if your feelings ever get hurt' and I said 'why?' And they said, 'because if you're going to join this band you're going to be expected to take f--king stick. Because we've been slagged off by every f--king reporter since we left Australia.' And I said, 'well I'm going to have to take stick anyway, taking this lad's place.' But luckily these guys are so much like a f--king family that you never get the chance to feel alone; like you could just sit by yourself in your hotel room and feel like shit. The lads say to me, 'just f--king ignore them'."

"We're good in our field. We just out and out don't give a f--k. We play what we play and that's it. And the good thing is, no-one else can do it as good as this band. This band is the f--king best!"

"The biggest bonus about being in this band is the fact that I can get into their gigs without paying for a f--king ticket, and I've got the best seat in the f--king house. Honestly! I could just sit up there and watch them. And now and again I've forgotten I'm singing and I just stop and watch that band because I think they're just f--king great. A great band and a great bunch of lads. I know what they were going through when Bon went, wondering about going on and all that — it's only natural. And they're people; you don't just walk away and forget that sort of thing. But they never made me feel left out."

**T**ALKING of comfortable, in walks Angus in a warm anorak, gripping a cup of tea as usual, wanting to know what the hell B.J., as they call him, is nattering about. I'm wondering how they ever understood each other's accents in the first place. "Easy," reckons Angus. "They all come from Scotland anyway," adds Brian. As Angus thaws out and starts coming back to animated life before your very eyes, the two of them come up with a Listener's Companion to "For Those About To Rock"...



Angus: honest guy

**EVIL WALKS:** "As the name says", Angus looks deep and meaningful, "evil walks. It's everywhere! Actually it's just a catchy title with a catchy tune. When we were playing it at the beginning, I said, 'those chords sound dead evil. And that's usually how we do it — just sitting around and nattering and jamming away, and someone says something like 'evil walks' and that's it."

There's a pamphlet doing the rounds in Los Angeles that Bible-thumpers hand out at all the H.M. concerts. AC/DC seems to top their Satanic charts at the moment. (Later tonight when we get back to the hotel, I overhear some crew members talking about dealing with some ardent Jesus Freaks who're after a quick rock and roll conversion job.)

"They've been bothering us for years," sighs Angus. "Some crud sent me a letter, addressed to Bon too, sending us these stupid things. Some people are sick! If they want to go God-bothering, they should go God-bother the Pope. He needs it, we don't."

"All they want to do," says Brian, "is get a little bit of attention. What was that one we had in Detroit just now? 'The Bible says the Word of the Devil is Evil, and so is rock and roll'. The Bible says rock and roll is evil? I don't remember the Bible mentioning rock and roll!"

"There are," says soft-voiced Angus, "a lot of people who genuinely believe in it, and that's all right. That's up to them. But I don't really like people coming bothering me. I had one idiot trying to blast away my earhole and he started with, 'do you believe in God?' And I said, 'I've no interest in it, so leave me alone.' Their main beef is songs like 'Highway to Hell'. But they're just titles. It's only a song." C.O.D. (Care of the Devil): Just a song?

"We're not black magic Satanists or whatever you call it," says Angus. "I don't drink blood. I may wear black underwear now and then, but that's about it. Most people think of COD as cash on delivery, or cash on demand. I was sitting around trying to come up with a better one, and I came up with 'Care of the Devil'."

"Those f--king God-botherers," Brian steams, "mention the Devil more than we do. I mean, they're

trying to scare people. At least ours is all in good fun. When I'm singing it and the lads are playing it, you know that it's just rock and roll, a way to put it across."

"You've got to go right over the f--king top. Like everything — big gear, big lights, big f--king sound, that's how it is. No need to tread carefully. The big idea with us isn't Satanic messages — it's to get one line to rhyme with the f--king next! Actually if you listen to the song it's quite clever, all these C.O.D.s, and 'Care of the Devil' is just one of them."

**FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK WE SALUTE YOU:** This song came equipped with cannon fire tonight, and was treated by 17,000 head-bangers as a good new HM anthem.

"Right," says Angus. "We had this chorus riff and we thought, 'well this sounds rather deadly'. And we were trying to find a good title. And there's this book from years ago about Roman gladiators called 'For Those About To Die We Salute You'. So we thought, for those about to rock... I mean, it sounds a bit better than 'for those about to die'."

Though looking at some of tonight's drugged crowd, dying might be more appropriate. "They're just enjoying themselves," shrugs non-indulger and teetotaler Angus. "Actually that song's got a lot of meaning to it. It's a very inspiring song. It makes you feel a bit powerful, and I think that's what rock and roll is all about."

**LET'S GET IT UP:** "Feelth, pure feelth," chuckles Brian. "We're a filthy band!"

"You can take it," says Angus, "one of two ways. Let's Get It Up, meaning musically 'up'... Or the girls in the back-room stuff? 'You wouldn't catch me in there,' he says seriously. "None of us actually. We're not that way inclined."

So it's not your basic HM macho song?

"No. People get it wrong. I mean we've been called this word 'macho'," sighs Angus, "and it's not even in my dictionary! We're not macho. We don't even think like that. It was just a line that sprang to mind. And it sounded better than 'Let's Get It Down'."

**SNOWBALLED:** "Meaning,"

says Angus, "you've been conned, fooled again. And we figured we'd been tricked enough in our time, so we came out with that. It could be the woman you're paying alimony to, anything."

**PUT THE FINGER ON YOU:** "That's basically a gangster line, like they do in the movies," Angus does a James Cagney impersonation. "The heavy bit. We're not putting the finger on anyone in particular. It's always the other f--king way round!"

**INJECT THE VENOM:** "That's a power thing, like 'For Those About To Rock'. It just means," explains Angus, "have it hot."

"There's one line," adds Brian, "that says, if you inject the venom it will be your last attack. Which is like a snake — once it bites you it's got nothing left."

"Do it once," Angus takes him up, "do it hard and good, or you're finished. It's a real rock and roll line."

**NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES:** "It just sounded nice."

**BREAKING THE RULES:** "It's like when somebody says 'you can't do that' at school or whatever. They were always saying that to me at school!" recalls Angus. "You do it anyhow."

**SPELLBOUND:** "That's a tricky one," Angus pauses. "It's a slower song — for us. But we liked it anyhow. It's one of those moody ones."

Not exactly a Styx-REO type ballad though. "We'll never get slushy!"

Brian interrupts, "you know when you get one of those days when it's like a trance. It's hard to describe really, but that's 'Spellbound'. We set it to a man driving a car, blinded by a bright beam. But it could be any situation. I'm sure there's some deep Americans who can tell you what we're talking about!"

"But it's not deep at all," says Angus. "It's so simple. It's like being naughty — like peeking through the keyhole at somebody changing their knickers or something. Nothing bad. We're just pranksters more than anything. You're having fun and that's all there is. If a kid thinks he's being naughty by singing 'Highway to Hell', great, because all he's doing is singing or chanting or putting his arms in the air. It's not meant to harm anyone. It's not like I'm coming out with my personal views and this individual meaning to life. If you do that you're in the same baseball game as those religious fanatics, or those English bands who hop on a cause, any cause, just to get themselves a bit of publicity."

"The thing is," Brian breaks in, "this band is as honest as the day it f--king started." Adds Angus, "Honestly, I don't think I could walk on that stage and do what I do or any of the lads do if we couldn't be honest."

"If it all went bad, we would feel it more than anyone. I couldn't go out there and rip people off in any shape or form. If there's one thing I believe in then that's it. If you're not going to be honest in what you do, then you might as well f--king give up."



# DEMON



a new single

## "One Helluva Night"

Available as a limited edition  
picture disc for the price of a 7" single.

Taken from the album "Night Of The Demon"

Produced by Demon  
Mix by Pete Hinton

CARRERE  
RECORDS



Marketed and distributed by **RCA**



## WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

AFTER DELVING into the photo files, choking on cobwebs and grime, we've come up with a real classic for all you konnoisseurs.

Recognise the lofty figure on the right? A bit of 'ask an Auntie' job, it's true, but look closer and add some hair... He's been famed for his part in one of Britain's top bands and now for his established role in one of today's biggest success stories. Can you identify him? Write your answers on a postcard and send it to: *Where Are They Now?*, *Kerrang!*, 40 Long Acre, London WC2. As usual the first entry out of the bag wins an LP token.

Mystery personality in *Kerrang!* No. 9 was none other than Robert Plant, and not, as so many of you thought, Ginger Baker! The winner is: Donk, 19 Dean Court, Leeds, Yorks.



FURTHER TO our reports that **Carmine Appice** is working in the studios with **Ted Nugent**, we now learn that the Great Gonzo has also re-recruited his old bassist **Dave Kisweny**, as well as **Derek St. Holmes**, who'll be singing on the album and going out on the road. However, the fact that Nugent and St. Holmes have been re-united doesn't signify the demise of the Whitford-St. Holmes band and in fact that outfit will be recording again in April.

The Nuge hastens to inform *Kerrang!* readers that he's got 'all

the usual romantic stuff" on the LP and with such titles as 'Habitual Offender', 'Bound & Gagged' and 'You Can't Keep A Good Dog Off Your Legs' who are we to disagree?

**REO SPEEDWAGON** have been playing a few small club dates in the Los Angeles area recently, billed simply as 'Surprise special guests'. Apparently the band were keen to go out on stage before entering the studios to record the follow-up to their hugely successful 'Hi-Fidelity' LP.

## TOUR NEWS!

**STATUS QUO** embark on their 1982 World Tour with a series of British dates to mark their 20th Anniversary in the business. They've just completed a new studio album, aptly titled '1982', and commence their return to the road at Deeside Leisure Centre on April 23. The tour continues at Bridlington Spa Hall 26-27, Glasgow Apollo 30 and May 1, London Hammersmith Odeon 3-9, Birmingham National Exhibition Centre 13-14, Brighton Conference Centre 17, St Austell Cornish Coliseum 20-21.

Tickets for all the shows are now on sale at the respective box offices, except for the Birmingham gigs which are available by postal application only. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to FTMO and sent with a s.a.e. to: FTMO, PO Box 4NB, London W1A 4NB. Tickets for all shows are priced £6.50 and £5.50, except at Deeside and Bridlington where they cost £6.50.

**GIRLSCHOOL**, who last appeared in Britain at the 1981 Reading Festival, have lined-up a 20-date nationwide tour for May. At the moment the girls are in the studios completing their new album; tentatively titled 'Screaming Blue Murder', having just returned from Japan. Prior to the tour they'll also be releasing a three-track EP comprising the songs 'Don't Call It Love', 'Wildlife' and 'Don't Stop'.

Dates commence at Colchester Essex University May 2 and continue at Derby Assembly Rooms 3, Newcastle City Hall 4, Edinburgh Playhouse 6, Glasgow Apollo 7, Bradford St George's Hall 9, Sheffield City Hall 10, Dunstable Queensway Hall 11, London Hammersmith Odeon 13, Portsmouth Guildhall 14, Poole Arts Centre 15, Bristol Colston Hall 16, Birmingham Odeon 17, Hanley Victoria Halls 19, Liverpool Empire 20, Manchester Apollo 21, Leicester DeMontfort Hall 22, Norwich University 23, Brighton Dome 24 and Ipswich Gaumont 26.

Tickets for all gigs are now on sale at box offices and selected record shops, apart from Bradford where they go on sale on March 27.

**THE SCORPIONS**, whose eagerly-awaited studio album 'Blackout' should be released on March 22, have added another date to their forthcoming UK tour at St Austell Cornish Coliseum on April 28. Tickets, which cost £4.50, are now on sale at the box office.

## TOP 30 KUTS

- 1 HEART TO HEART, Aldo Nova, from 'Aldo Novo', Portrait US Imp.
- 2 ON THE REBOUND, Uriah Heep, 45, Bronze
- 3 WOMEN, WHISKEY & SIN, Helix, from White Lace & Black Leather, H&S Records, Can. Imp.
- 4 TRAIN, TRAIN, Blackfoot, 45, Atlantic
- 5 PIECE OF YOUR ACTION, Motley Crue, from 'Too Fast For Love', Leathur, US Imp
- 6 LAYLA, Derek & The Dominoes, 12", RSO
- 7 POWER LOVER, The Rods, 12", Arista
- 8 SWEETIES, Handsome Beasts, 45, Heavy Metal
- 9 HOLLYWOOD (DOWN ON YOUR LUCK), Thin Lizzy, 45, Vertigo
- 10 DON'T CALL IT LOVE, Girlschool, 45, Bronze
- 11 FIND ANOTHER FOOL, Quarterflash, from 'Quarterflash', Geffen
- 12 WIRED, Streetheart, from 'Streetheart', Capital US Imp
- 13 I LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL, Joan Jett, from 'I Love Rock 'n' Roll', Boardwalk US Import
- 14 WORLD WITHOUT HEROES, Kiss, 45, Mercury
- 15 TAKE ME BACK 'OME (Live), Slade, 45, RCA
- 16 THE LIGHT'S BURNED OUT, Magnum, 45, Jet
- 17 ROCK LIVES ON, Shiva, 45, Heavy Metal
- 18 ROCKIN' DISEASE, Toyz, from 'US Metal', Shrapnel US Imp
- 19 THE WRITER, UFO, from 'Mechanix', Chrysalis
- 20 SWEET HITCHIKER, Sammy Hagar, from 'Standing Hampton', Geffen
- 21 TUBE SNAKE BOOGIE, ZZ Top, 12", Warner Bros Euro
- 22 SHERALEE, Soldier, 45, Heavy Metal
- 23 YOU'RE SO CRUEL, Goddo, from 'Best Seat In The House', Attic, Can. Imp.
- 24 AMERICAN WOMAN, Krokus, from 'One Vice At A Time', Arista
- 25 PAINT IT BLACK, Anvil, from 'Hard 'n' Heavy', Attic
- 26 FROST AND FIRE, Cirith Ungol, from 'Frost and Fire', Liquid Flames, US Imp
- 27 JAM SANDWICH, Jimmy Page, from 'Deathwish II', Swansong
- 28 END OF THE DAY, Atomic Rooster, 12", Poly
- 29 WHEEL IN THE SKY, Journey, 12", CBS Euro. Imp.
- 30 TURN UP THE NIGHT, Black Sabbath, 45, Vertigo

Compiled by: Stuart 'Sammy' Gee, Virgin Megastore, 14-16 Oxford Street, LONDON W2



"**E**NGLISH BANDS are a bunch of pussies." Paul Dean leans back in his folding chair and smirks. "American bands are a bunch of pussies too," Mike Reno adds his opinion. Dangerous talk. Right around this vulnerable little trailer (it's one of those all-American open-air stadium shows with a million H. Mers on the bill) are lurking dozens of English and American band members and crewmen liable to turn into rabid animals in this heat at the smallest provocation. Ozzy Osborne, Pat Travers, Blue Oyster Cult.

Paul and Mike are in Loverboy and we're talking pussies! The first thing you notice about them onstage (other than how hard they work to sound tough in the sunshine as cute and barely-clad tanned California girls sit on their boyfriends' shoulders and drive them wild) is that they look like the Official Bank for Twink home perms. And if that isn't enough, Loverboy are Canadians.

Less butch than Bachman Turner Overdrive, less cosmic than Rush and cuter than Joni Mitchell. The five members — Dean plays guitar, Reno sings and jumps about a lot, Scott Smith plays bass, Matt Frenette plays drums and Doug Johnson plays keyboards — have been together around a year and a half and share a common interest in girls (especially young and under-dressed) parties, wine, beer, hitch-hikers, arenas, and restraints. Not that kind.

"I like," says Dean, "the restraint approach. I don't like to come out and have every tune sound like (insert a loud and piercing Ted Nugent riff noise). I like to have it subtle. Some people like to come up with a baseball bat and go *whamm* right in your face and get your attention. Really aggressive. But I like to come out and tap them on the shoulder first. It's a little more subtle."

Subtle. A lot of American H. Mers like subtlety. You know the kind: pad their heads with cottonwool before they start banging. A lot of Americans love Loverboy.

At this juncture, they're still relatively unknown in the UK — basically because they've yet to infiltrate British concert halls with their music. However in the States, their debut elpee has sold incredibly

# PUSSY TALK

**Wooargh! Sylvie Simmons gets among Loverboy's curls**

well and the latest 'Get Lucky' has already achieved Top 20 status. The new record has earned critical appraisal in the English music press and it looks like Loverboy could well be coming over in the next few months. In the meantime, Mike Reno and Paul Dean give us the low-down on the band.

## 1. The Name

**Paul:** I made up the name because I wanted to get some kind of reaction. I knew it was a risqué kind of name and I was hoping people would either love it or hate it. I didn't want it for instance to be the Dean-Reno band. I wanted it to have an impact and make people go 'ooh that bunch of creeps' or 'wow that's the best name I've ever heard.'

**Kerrang!** It makes me go 'ooh what a bunch of creeps.'

**Paul:** We're off to a bad start already. What did it make you think of?

**Kerrang!** Either Bay City Rollers schtick or S&M gay leather stuff.

**Paul:** See, what 'Loverboy' conjures up is whatever the person wants. Like if a guy hears the name 'Loverboy' he naturally thinks of himself. If it's a chick she thinks of her favourite kind of boy — the macho type or the type with the chains and the whips and the black leather, or if she prefers the soft approach.

**Kerrang!** So you're saying Loverboy is all things to all men — and women?

**Paul:** It's whatever you want to make it.

**Kerrang!** And the same goes for the music — something for

everyone?

**Paul:** We're trying to please as many people as we can, yeah. But we're making the music that we want to make and doing exactly what we want to do. If people like it, all the better.

**Mike:** It's funny because the band has got this pretty name — I think you're the first person to say the name is really weird — but it's got this tough music. Balls to the wall Sweat. There's nothing pretty about it. But girls and guys can relate to that.

## 2. The Beginnings

**Mike:** Paul and I met when we were both in transit looking for something to get together, and we both had the same ideas about songs and the business. We liked each other's songs, and I think the main thing was we liked each other's attitude. I know I liked your attitude, Paul, did you like mine? Because the business side is really important. It's like anything else, when you figure out how to do something you have a game plan how to do it. And we both said that next time we want to do it right or not at all, because there's no sense beating your head against a wall.

**Kerrang!** How did you and Paul meet?

**Mike:** We met in a city in the Prairies of Canada in this warehouse right out of a Marlon Brando movie with newspaper covering the windows. I walked in and he had one Marshall amp set up in the corner and he was sitting on a wooden box writing songs. He had a verse and I had a chorus. I had a

melody and he put the rock guitar to it. That's when we got started.

## 3. Making Money

**Paul:** So we got some other members. We did a gig in the studio and we became Loverboys ever after.

**Mike:** Then our manager phoned us up and said, 'Kiss are playing, you guys are backing them up' with four days to get it together. And we learnt all our songs — sort of — and played for 18,000 people at the Vancouver Coliseum. Then we did about three months of club dates and brought in some record companies and they said, 'yeah we like it'. And we chose CBS and released the album in Canada with the attitude that if it does well there, we'll take it to the US.

**Paul:** The album had turned pretty close to platinum before it was released in the States, so we knew we must be doing something right.

**Mike:** We've been doing back-up shows with Cheap Trick, Bob Seger, Kansas, Heart, ZZ Top, and we're getting to see 18,000 people a night — and everyone feels that this year it will be our shows, and we're ready for that too.

## 4. The Next Paycheck (and what it's spent on)

**Paul:** The second album ('Get Lucky', the one that features a cute male behind, girls, stuffed into pink leather pants) is heavier than the first album. When we put out the last one we'd only been playing clubs for three months, and we didn't really know ourselves that well. Now we've been playing over a year and it's a lot more raucous and we tried to get that on the record. But it's still more subtle than a machine gun or a machete in your back.

**Kerrang!** It seems that bands who make it in America have to be as wimpy as possible. It's hardly heavy metal it's more like gentle metal that gets in the charts. Is that what gave you a hit with your first record?

**Mike:** I think that's part of it. But the bands as musicians — I can say this being frontman — are actually very good players who can play any kind of music. But we decided to play this mainstream rock that we play. It's soft, but it also builds up with dynamics. It's very powerful.

**Kerrang!** Talking of powerful, if the English and the Americans are pussies, what are you lot like?

**Mike:** We're everything. We're rowdy and we're peaceful and we get into trouble every once in a while, and we drink and we party and sometimes we don't. We're travelling on this tour bus, and every time we finish a show we have to travel to the next city, and we've always got lots of beers and wine, and we'll crack some bottles and put on some Van Halen or something and rock down the road for a few hours watching triple-X-rated movies.

**Paul:** We pick up hitch-hikers.

**Mike:** We have fun.

**Kerrang!** Do you have huskies? (in unison): No!

**EPILOGUE:** Since starting our interrogation, Loverboy have sold several thousand more albums and played several arena concerts up around the country. And the curls haven't even wilted.







# EH OOP LADS!

**IT'S BIFF FROM BARNESLEY—  
WITH A RUPTURED DUCK!**

**The lads from  
Saxon come  
down South  
to talk to  
Chris Welch**

**S**AXON ARE desperately trying to think of a title for their 'live' album, due out soon to follow up 'Denim And Leather'. Maybe 'Pork Pies And Black Pudding' would suit the down-to-earth Yorkshire lads who have been battling for recognition these past five years. And, by the heck, they've had their oops and downs, with only Biff Byford's jokes to keep them from plunging into depths of despair.

Now Saxon are in America, winning the same kind of adulation and respect they have enjoyed at home since their 1980 breakthrough with 'Wheels Of Steel'—their sensational testament to the band's unique brand of sonic attack.

In fact, they may title the album, 'We Know Where You Live', as a

kind of acknowledgement of the help given them by loyal fans at home who saw them through good times and bad times.

Biff, their garrulous, cheerful and plain speaking leader, admits the band had a fierce struggle in their early days, for gigs, money and recognition. And when the band gathered for a business meeting at their London office recently, he told me how the band had been demoralised when a previous management and record deal had crashed around their ears.

But Saxon fought back, pinning all their faith in their music, and the knowledge that one day they could win through without the help of the media or music business.

It's a classic story of a group's development, but it's nice to report their earlier struggles have not left the group in the least bitter or twisted. A nicer bunch it would be hard to find, and Biff in particular is one of those raconteurs and experts at one-liners, delivered in unashamedly broad Yorkshire who can get a room full of busy people to stop in their tracks and laugh. Yet he has the kind

of dead-pan delivery that makes it difficult to tell when he is being serious.

"We never shave when we do albums," announced Biff, as I arrived in his management's office. "It's considered taboo." I stared for a minute and then realised that he was sporting a very straggly beard that bore no relation to recent publicity shots or album covers. Was this non-shaving one of the band's rules?

"No, it's one of my rules. So, if you want any pictures you'll have to take us w/ beards. Still, not many people have seen us with beards. It'll make a change."

Biff is afraid, that like Samson, he might lose some of his strength if he cuts off his hair while recording, or even just mixing. As I digested this somewhat baffling information, more members of the band trooped in, including Saxon's ace guitarist and Jimi Hendrix fan extraordinaire, Graham Oliver, and new boy, drummer Nigel Glockier. Until recently he was known for his association with Toyah, as drummer and composer. He did two tours, an album and several singles with Toyah and co-wrote her smash hit 'Thunder In The Mountains'. He has taken over on a permanent basis from sickly Pete Gill and Biff explained that while they were sorry to lose an old friend, they were glad to welcome a new powerhouse to the band.

There aren't that many sort of drummers knocking about in heavy metal, except Neil Peart. Pete was more in the John Bonham field—a slogger. Nigel can do that, but he's a bit more experimental. We needed that to help us open up—without wishing to denigrate Pete. But we had two drummers before him anyway. The four of us had been together for a long time. We used to be called Son Of A Bitch and we had

a different drummer, a guy called John Walker from Chesterfield who played no fills at all, just a steady beat. We're no newcomers, you know. We've paid our dues. We've been slogging around for years. We used to play in pubs not much bigger than this room.

Were they glad those days were over?

Yes, because we always wanted to be successful, but we had a lot of laughs. People ask us now if we get bored with flying around the world, but the truth is we used to DREAM about doing this. We've had some great people working with us over the years, some of whom have dropped off as time goes by. But they were the people who took a chance on us in the early days. We came from nowhere to selling a quarter of a million albums in this country, and that was so unbelievable! How did we do it? You could say it was good management, or good press or good songs. But most of it is luck, y'know, and personality. And the kids who come to see us know we have always stayed true to the music. And we always stick to good songs, whether they are soft songs or heavy metal. And we always have a good time 'live'. Anybody who comes to see us knows they are going to get a cracking good show, and have a good time.

Saxon have won fame and recognition over the last two years, but did they always have a clear idea of their intentions? "We always wanted to be a club band on a big stage. And I don't mean working men's clubs! In fact, we didn't play London much in the early days, so I couldn't compare us to a Marquee club band. We would have been more suited to the Brecknock. We always wanted to have a bit of a laugh. A lot of bands take their music too seriously these days. I can remember when we used



a Black & Decker to drill holes in the stage — just for a laugh to pull people in the next time. Another time we were getting a lot of feedback and I started whipping the soundman with lengths of chain. In the end we were doing it every night and it got so bad he started to like it! Biff chortled heartily.

Apart from troublesome feedback Saxon also experienced that other terror of all bands, the unresponsive audience. There is no such thing as a BAD audience, but some can be cold. If we see any of the audience relaxing or sitting down, we are straight at them.

I was intrigued by 'Princess Of The Night' the first track on their *Denim And Leather* album which paid tribute to '90 tons of thunder steaming through the night'. Did this mean that Saxon were steam railway enthusiasts, and that we could start swopping engine numbers? Or was it yet another sexist double entendre?

Biff hastened to assure me. "Oh, the song about the train? That's actually about the *Princess Elizabeth* hauling a mail train in the days of steam. I never actually saw it but Graham did. A lot of people don't twig what it's actually about. A lot will say 'Oh, I like your song about the woman'. When I say, 'It's about a train', they won't believe me. But if enough people want to believe it's about a woman, well, then it is!"

So Saxon, kings of the macho beat were, in fact, a secret band of railway enthusiasts?

"Well, we are actually," said Biff. "If ever we are near steam trains of any description, we always go and see them. When we used to sleep in the back of the van, which we were still doing when we released the first album, we used to sleep next to this steam-engine graveyard."

I was surprised that Saxon were still kipping in vans in an age when even the most modest touring band can afford more substantial shelter for the night. "Well, we had a management company who shall remain nameless, and all I'll say is they weren't the right management for us," said Biff. "When we parted company from them we had blown our first advance, and we had to go back and start all over again from square one. We did have an album out and a few fans. We just did it all over again, and it paid off. But at one time we had dropped right back and we were on the dole again. It was such a hard kick, it knocked any delusions of grandeur out of us. I'll tell you. You can go up and down in this business in a matter of months, y'know. It's SO easy."

Biff is convinced that many bands would have given up and packed in after such a blow. But they found out who were their real friends during this crisis and they rallied round with offers of support. "There's not many people we have told about how badly we were affected by that period. We had hawked our tapes around to everybody from Mickie Most to CBS and Virgin. Some of them were okay to us, but some were crap, y'know? But for a new company like Carrere to take us on was quite a big deal for them. But we could see that there

was going to be a big comeback for heavy metal. All the gigs were being filled up by young kids."

"The media concentrated on what was happening in London," recalled Graham, "and yet the places where we were playing, the rock scene hadn't changed. In fact there was room for everything: punk and heavy metal. But the press didn't realise this and just wrote about one thing — punk. You couldn't even walk down Wardour Street, unless you were a punk, but now there's different types of bands playing at the Marquee every night."

"We couldn't get a gig at the Marquee, could we, Graham?" said Biff, with a rising sense of outrage.

"We said we'd play for nothing, but they wouldn't have us. It was tough. But then — it was tough for everybody. There wasn't any Iron Maiden or Def Leppard, and there wasn't any us, because we weren't known. Heavy metal just didn't exist in the form we know it now, when we were going the rounds and playing our hearts out. I remember in Manchester we played with Nutz who were top of the bill, and Iron Maiden who were on first. It was sold out. But if you had put that bill on in London then, there would have been four or five people turn up."

Did the punk era dishearten the stout yeomen of Saxon?

"Only when we turned up at a gig and found we had been billed as punk."

thought Biff winced a bit at the mention of the category we usually associate with Saxon. "No, I didn't wince. I think we are one of the very few bands who don't mind being called heavy metal. Everybody else says 'Call us hard rock', but we don't mind it at all. In fact, in none of our publicity have we ever SAID that we are a heavy metal band. It's the kids and the press who call our music heavy metal. But we don't mind. You gotta call music SOMETHING, so that people know what you are talking about. It sums up popular bands of the last two years in England. Heavy metal. It could be Motorhead or AC/DC or Saxon. We play a mixture of rock and blues. I don't think there are any fans who don't like a bit of everything. They'd have to be pretty narrow-minded if they only liked Saxon."

Was there one breakthrough gig when Biff and the boys knew it was all going to happen for them?

"There were three or four, really," said Biff, "but a tour with Motorhead was without doubt one of the best. We supported them and became good friends. They helped us a lot. Another big gig was a barn dance in Bingley and the Lyceum in London. That was our first sell-out London gig. And Castle Donington was a big step forward. Thinking back now, probably our WORST gig was the Music Machine. Terrible. But every band must have one terrible one. Some bands have more!" Biff could not resist a throaty chuckle.

Saxon are working on the live album, taken from various gigs on their British and European tour, including some at the Rainbow and Odeon, Hammersmith. It is due out

in May as a result of pressure from fans and it will help fill the year-long gap when Saxon will be away from Britain on their travels.

"We have played in Britain quite a lot," says Biff hastily before accusations of desertion are made. They've already been to America and Japan and are now going back on the strength of *Denim And Leather*. They'll be away for four months, but on their return will be hard at work writing the next studio album. I complimented Biff and Graham on the sound they achieved on the last one.

"Yeah, well we took a different approach on that," said Biff, clearing his throat. "We didn't turn down at all, but used a different technique. It worked. Some people will say it's not as 'eavy, but I think they are getting confused with quality. Some people think that if guitars are distorting — that's 'eavy. It's a fallacy."

Did they have a problem trying to capture their 'live' excitement on record? Biff didn't think so — at first. Then he agreed. "You are NEVER as exciting on record, because a gig is visual, isn't it? It's sweating and having a good time. We've had a lot of publicity about how loud we are but, believe it or not, we were actually quieter on our last tour because the equipment we used was different. We don't go out of our way to be loud. People get confused with intensity and volume. We play with a blasting intensity."

Had the boys in the band had any careers mapped out for them, apart from music? This was a signal for much jocularity from Biff as Graham

tried to explain that he once worked in a factory making washing machines. "Even when I was at school, while the other boys wanted motorbikes," He only wanted washing machines," interrupted Biff. "All his mates would be driving about on Honda 250s and he'd be off down the street on his Hotpoint."

The Saxon office erupted with laughter, and Graham gave up. When Biff is in full flight, it's best to stop and listen. "I'm the only one who spends money on motorbikes in this group. I've got a Harley-Davidson on loan at the moment."

Biff regards motorbiking as one of his key hobbies to help take his mind off work, while Graham's hobby is collecting videos of his idol Jimi Hendrix, in performance. "I think I've got one of the rarest collections in the world. I've got one that only three other people have got, and it was loaned especially from Sweden. I bought your book about Hendrix three times, but it keeps falling to bits. I want the hard-back version."

Unfortunately there never was a hard-back. Nevertheless a conversation was sparked off about Hendrix that continued into a neighbouring pub. Graham revealed that he gets many Hendrix fans writing to him. He first became infatuated with the pioneer of heavy rock guitar when he was coaxed into seeing him "at an early age", at a concert in Sheffield.

Said Biff: "A lot of the stage act, guitarwise, is took off Hendrix, burning guitars and smashing them



CONTINUED PAGE 12



# BIFF 'N' BIKE



## FROM PAGE 11

up. We decided that it hadn't been done for 10 years, so we'd do it."

"I don't play guitar like Jimi, but I just like that kind of music," said Graham. "I've got loads of him on video, including the Lulu Show, and one of the rarest ones I've got is a complete Marquee show from '67. I almost swooned at this information. But the RAREST one I've got is from Sweden during the time when he smashed the hotel room up. It was lifted by an office boy before it was wiped by a TV company. I've got some footage from the Isle of Wight. Another rare one I want is from the Royal Albert Hall, but I can't seem to get it. That was one when Fat Mattress played support."

We reminisced about how The Experience and Cream used to play in small clubs for a few pounds a night, and charged six bob admission and when a crumpled 10 shilling note could get six people drunk for an evening. But Biff doesn't have such fond memories of the small clubs that Saxon used to play in their early days. "All these guys we used to play for... only a few of them treated us fair anyway. Most of them ripped us off. Did they? oh yeah. Many places we'd play for 30 quid and they'd be getting 500-600 kids paying to come in, plus the bar takings. A lot of these people go on about how they started off certain bands, but they made their money. It would be nice to play a small club now for the fans, but not to give the guys who run them any bread. I'd like to charge 20 pence admission and call ourselves the Tea Bags. They'd sooner call us Saxon and charge £3.50. Stuff it."

Revenge is sweet. But weren't Saxon still really on the edge of greater things to come? "Yes — we've been to America once. We supported Rush and did 40,000 miles in six weeks. Most people have heard of us there, but now we need to play for them."

They are already using such phrases as 'truck stop' instead of 'transport calf' in their lyrics, but they say this is more for CB fans than an attempt to appeal to American audiences. "If you listen to CB in Britain, most people call truck stops 'services' in this country. We use CB

a bit in America but, trouble is, none of us dare press a button to talk! Nigel's drum roadie is American and he uses all the language — ruptured duck, or summat. 'You got your ears on. Ruptured duck. Ten four, come back.' Biff dropped the American imitation to revert to his natural brogue. 'Eh oop, this is Biff from Barnsley. Hey, watcha got there — some cotton-pickin' Limey? We only used CB twice, and then we got scared. It all sounds daft to me.'

Biff's blunt Yorkshire accent took on a greater stridency when he began to discuss the way the band were ignored by Southern jessies, in their early days. "We never met anybody from London, did we, lads? We only met Steve Gitt and Geoff Barton. We hardly got any press at all up until 'Wheels Of Steel'. We were never darlings of the press ever. Most write-ups we had were crap. Kerrang! is great — a music paper that actually prints information about people, with nice pictures."

"I'm all for free speech," said Biff, stoutly, "and I'm all for criticism, but bands don't get much chance to speak back. The music papers are much better in Germany Japan and America, but the kids here can't get to see them. All they have to put up with is stuff about 'Blackmore's wig was showing' or sly comments. It's all right having a laugh at someone's expense, but kids don't really want to see that. They want to know what guitars Graham is using, and where he's been, and what's happening. They want that glossy thing that Adam & The Ants have been getting for years. Bands like us never had that before. Kerrang! came along in this country."

Suddenly Biff spluttered in his tea and roared with rage. I thought he was still contemplating the music press, but it turned out he was protesting at Southern tea. "The tea's rubbish!" he stormed.

"And they ask us why we don't live in London. No f\*\*\*\*\* pork pies

and no f\*\*\*\*\* tea."

No black pudding chimed in Graham, mournfully. It turns out that Biff is so keen on pork pies he lives next door to the champion pork butcher and pie-maker of Europe.

Does Saxon have any big ambitions left?

What — apart from becoming rich and famous? said Biff. "What we'd like to do is buy a big mansion and use it as a rehearsal room, a bit like The Manor. We wouldn't all live together. We'd just use it as a base for keeping equipment. We've all got families, you know. Graham's got three kids — one of each."

Biff should be on TV, I suggested. He was funnier than most of the guests on the Parkinson Show. He revealed that he had been on ITV's *Tiswas*. "They put me in a cage, but they forgot to put a pie in me face. They took one look at me and thought I'd already had one."

Exit Saxon. Laughing.





**GRAND PRIX**





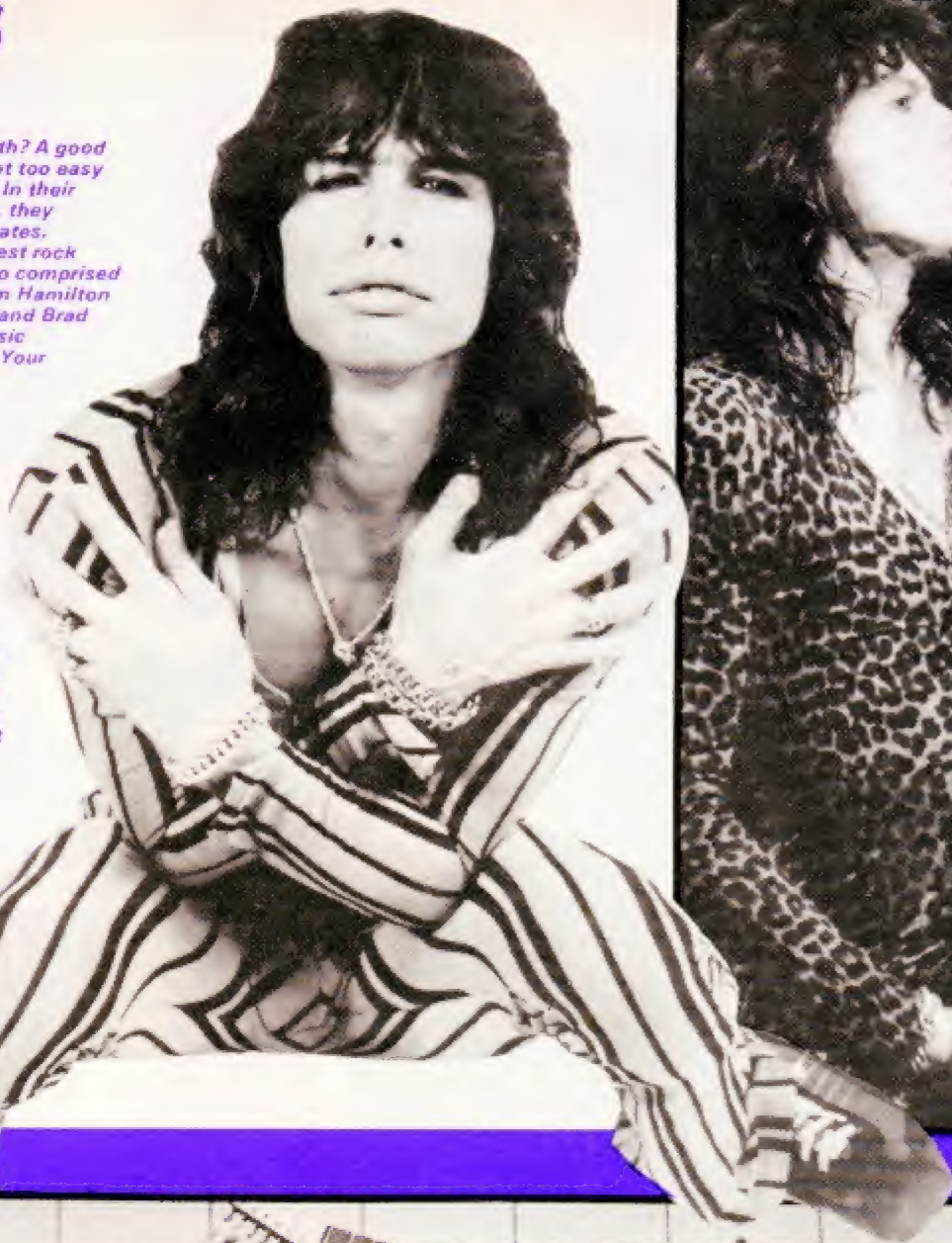
# TYLER'S GANG

WHATEVER happened to Aerosmith? A good question indeed, and one that's not too easy to answer at this moment in time. In their heyday, during the mid-'seventies, they escalated to mega-status in the States, becoming one of the nation's hottest rock attractions. The line-up, which also comprised drummer Joey Kramer, bassist Tom Hamilton together with guitarists Joe Perry and Brad Whitford, was responsible for classic vinyl like 'Toys In The Attic', 'Get Your Wings' and 'Rocks'.

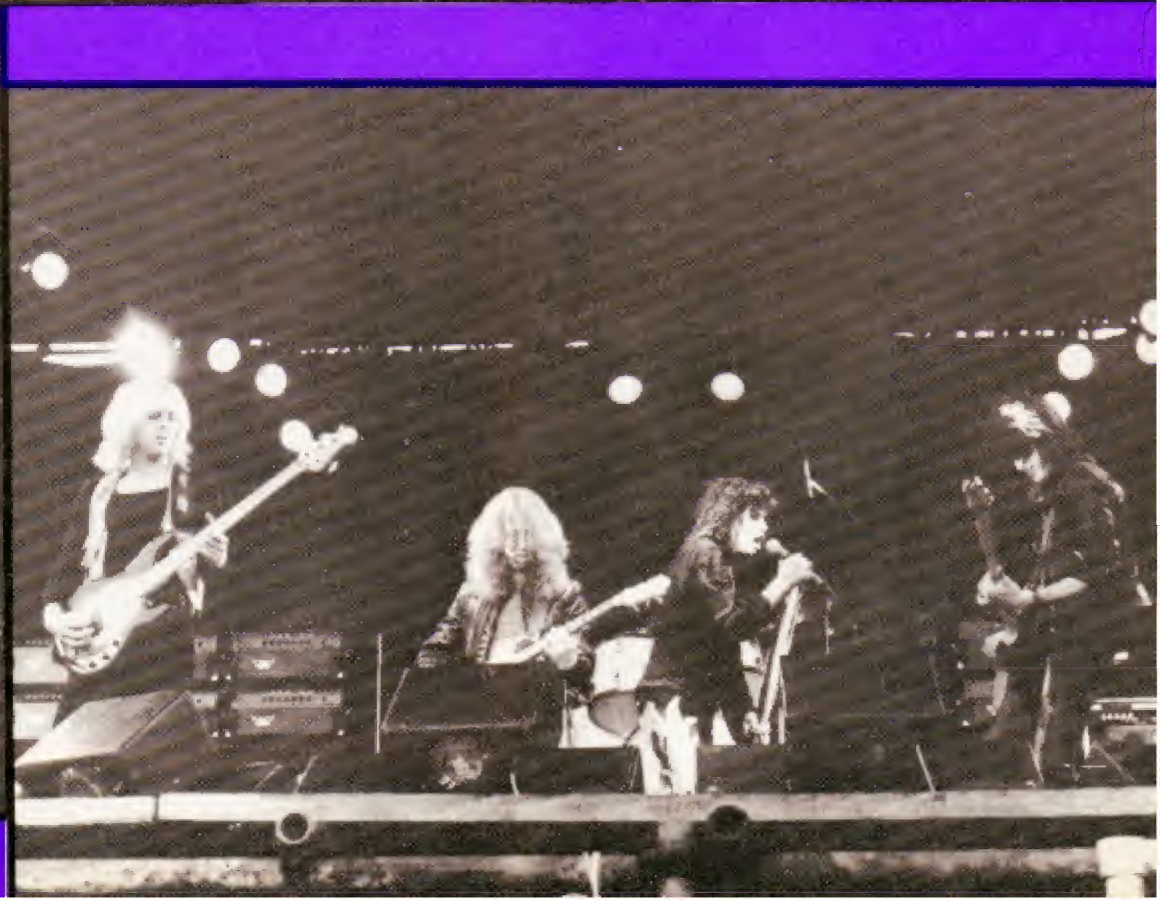
However, by the time 'A Night In The Ruts' emerged it was announced that Joe Perry had left to form his own outfit. From this point, activity was very limited — in fact there's yet to be another studio record. Michael Schenker was invited to join the band (but that's another story) before Jimmy Crespo was called in as a replacement. Subsequently the band attempted to return to 'smaller venues' in the States during 1980 but apparently Steve's health prevented constant working. Then came the news that Brad Whitford had split to team up with ex-Nugent man Derek St. Holmes.

The latest report states that the group are currently locked away in a Florida studio completing a new album. Rumours that Joe Perry has returned would appear to be unfounded although US guitarist Rick Dufay has been helping out on a few tracks.

STEVE GETT









# SILENCE IS BROKEN

**Steve Gett tracks down Glenn Hughes in Los Angeles**

**I** WASN'T really into playing with Deep Purple towards the end and I was disgusted with some of the things that were going down. Basically we were just playing for the money and I didn't feel right doing that. I became totally frustrated and when Purple finished I wanted out.

"After four years in the band I was burnt out. In fact, I'll be honest — I was fried! I needed a big break. I stopped taking drugs and I stopped drinking for a while in order to clean myself up. I decided to stay out of things and figure out exactly what I wanted to do and who I wanted to play with. I didn't want to just go out there and kill myself, which could quite easily have happened."

There have been some strange rumours concerning the welfare of Glenn Hughes since his departure from Deep Purple five years ago. Tales about him being 'strung-out' on drugs in Los Angeles, where he now lives, have been rife. The chances of the music world hearing from the former Purple bassist/vocalist were becoming increasingly remote. Indeed, while the likes of Blackmore, Gillan and Coverdale have enjoyed a good deal of success, all has remained quiet on the Hughes front. Until now, that is.

At last, the man is back, ready to attack with a mighty powerful new outfit. Together with former Pat Travers Band guitarist Pat Thrall and 'unknown' drummer Frankie Banali, Glenn has assembled Hughes-Thrall, who are currently in the studios working on material for their debut album. At this stage, recording deals are being negotiated and already the group's publishing has been snapped up by Warner Brothers Music.

Glenn and I recently rendezvoused in the plush Beverly Hills offices of his new management company, where his protracted vow of silence was finally broken. "It's weird," he mused, "because I haven't done any interviews for over five years. I'm ready for this!"

And so, with the tape machine rolling, our conversation began. Naturally, the first topic of discussion was the evolution of the Hughes-Thrall band. Glen explained: "I'd been lying low for quite a while and then about three years ago I was supposed to put a band together with Ray Gomez and Narada Michael Walden for Atlantic Records. We went to New York to sign but the project was shelved when Gomez decided to sign with Columbia. And then a year ago I was asked to form another group with Gomez and we got a drummer together but things didn't work out. Eventually I was asked who I really wanted to play with and I said Pat Thrall, because I knew he'd finished with Travers. So he came down last April, we auditioned some drummers and we've been rehearsing ever since.



**CONTINUES PAGE 18**



**EXCLUSIVE!**







"Pat and I are good for each other. We both like the same sort of music and both have this incredible feeling for what we play. Forming this group was no last ditch effort as far as I was concerned either. I'd rather have never worked again than work for the sake of it. I can't go on stage or make a record of stuff that I don't want to play. After Deep Purple I decided that the next thing I'd do would be what I really wanted to. I wasn't prepared to join another band where I didn't have that much of a say."

## HOW much of a say did you have in Purple?

"Oh, I had a fifth of the say when I was in the band," Glenn replied, "but the running of the group was pretty well established to what they wanted to do. The problem was that I was treated like a kid and with kid gloves. I became very temperamental, which I couldn't help, and as they treated me like a baby I was like the black sheep. Blackmore was a total asshole in Purple. If he said that he wouldn't go on stage, the rest of the band would say 'Ritchie's not going on, we're f-ked'." (*Bang goes Kerrang's exclusive RB interview!*)

Evidently, Glenn didn't part with the other members of Purple on the best of terms. However he freely admits that being in the band did give him a good deal of exposure and that he did have some good times. "It's quite amazing how big Deep Purple actually were — I mean, alongside Led Zeppelin, they were the biggest band in the world."

Did you feel you'd attained 'superstar' status when you first joined?

"Well, I never thought of myself like that. Having been in Trapeze for a few years, I felt that I'd paid my dues with them. To me that was a great band. In fact I preferred playing in Trapeze than Deep Purple. But in order to get to the people I had to go with Purple — I got to play in front of so many people. I didn't feel like a superstar though, I just felt that people

wanted to hear me."

Did the Purple organisation give you a bad feeling towards the music biz?

"Definitely. I felt I was conned, (he laughs) mismanaged and mishandled!"

When did things really turn sour?

"It turned sour when the direction of the band went. It wasn't Deep Purple anymore. Part of the blame for the direction of the band was down to me and I know that the other guys would agree. But when I joined the group they knew that my background was more funk and R&B, so they knew what they were getting in to. You see, heavy metal's good, but I can't just play dungeon music all night. I've got much more feeling in my music."

"Tommy, David and I totally changed the band. I enjoyed playing with both Tommy and Ritchie — when Blackmore was on he was un-f-k-in-believable. But when he was off he was terrible. The trouble was that he wasn't that consistent." (*At this rate we'll be lucky to even get a copy of the next Rainbow elpee!!!*)

By now, I had become convinced that Glenn and Ritchie weren't exactly pals. I refrained from asking why at the risk of further caustic comments, but chatting with Glenn after our interview he told me that he'd never spoken to the man in black following his failure to show up at a benefit for Tommy Bolin, which Hughes had organised. Nevertheless, I was interested to hear what he had to say about the offshoot Purple groups: Rainbow, Whitesnake and Gillan.

Pausing for a few moments, he responded: "Exactly? — they're aged. Their music is old and basically consists of rehashed licks. It's early seventies music. And I think that in their heart of hearts they'd have to agree with me when I say that I don't think they're playing as best as they could. I don't think they're using their heads at all."

"I mean, I heard Whitesnake's last album and I couldn't believe it. It was like a very bad Deep Purple. To me it sounded like a cross

between Bad Company and Purple and it just wasn't happening. It's not original. I personally believe that I've moved on with the times, whereas I can't see that they've moved on at all. I think that if Rainbow and Whitesnake hadn't got Deep Purple behind them, then they wouldn't have done anything."

## WHAT did you think of all the 'Deep Purple to reform?' stories?

"I thought they were quite funny... in fact they'd have made a fortune and would have been laughing all the way to the bank... but basically, I think that they're a bunch of old men!"

There can be little doubt that an awful lot of Rainbow and Whitesnake fans will be up in arms over Glenn's remarks.

To these ears, Glenn Hughes has one of the finest voices in the business (the man has soul in his throat) and combined with the acclaimed guitar playing of Pat Thrall the end product should be extremely interesting. While over in LA, Glenn played me some of the songs they've recorded. The music has strong leanings towards funk but at the same time retains that overall 'heavy' feel. In fact one track in particular, titled 'Pay The Price', is mind-blowing. Check out the masterful vocal and axework when this one surfaces on vinyl. When I asked Glenn to describe the band's music, his answer was short and to the point: "We play eighties funk/rock 'n' roll."

Hughes is adamant that he's never had a better working relationship than the one he has with PT. "I couldn't have picked a better person to play with than Pat," he enthuses. "He's always been in the background. He was a sideman with Travers and got treated real badly. I've brought him out of that and when we're in the studio I push him all the time, because I know how good he is."

Hughes-Thrall are recording their album at a studio in Malibu with the aid of producer Rob Fraboni, whose previous credits include Eric Clapton, Joe Cocker and Bonnie Raitt. Aside from his work with Purple and Trapeze, Glenn's only other vinyl output was his 'Play Me Out' solo LP. However, that too takes us back to the seventies and I wondered how he feels his voice is holding out these days. "I don't want to sound big-headed but I think I'm singing better. You see I don't smoke and I don't touch liquor anymore, and I hardly ever get a sore throat. I'm so lucky — I think God must have said 'Let this boy sing'."

It looks as though Glenn Hughes should be back on the road before the end of 1982 and he'll probably kick off in Japan, where he always had a strong following. America will be a prime target for Hughes-Thrall but there's every chance that the band could come to Britain immediately after their Far Eastern trek. For the time being, they continue to work in the Californian sunshine. I wondered if Glenn misses his home country, having grown accustomed to the American way of life.

"I do miss it," he admits, "it's just that I can't live there anymore."

Why not?

"I found it to be too depressing. I really don't know whether I'd ever go back to live there — I mean I probably wouldn't be able to afford a flat! Besides, I don't have many friends there — they booted me out!"

So there you have it... Glenn Hughes is here and kicking in LA. In fact, as we wandered down the elegant driveway towards his car, the sun blazing down, I could see why he's quite happy to reside in the States. None the less, he still cares about his British followers, a fact evidenced by his concern over some of the comments he made in his interview.

"You think I was too nasty?" he questioned. "I'm not scared because I can live up to what I said, but I am concerned about what the kids back home might think. I know how big those other groups are and I don't want the kids to think I'm an asshole. The thing is, I can only say what I feel is true."

Somehow, I think the kids are going to like Hughes-Thrall.



# The Michael Schenker Group



## One Night at Budokan

MSG 'One Night At Budokan' \*\*\*\*\*  
I PREDICT that if this short-fused, double-barrelled dose of dynamite gets released out of the Land Of The Rising Yen and into the U.K. at a price harmonious with the depths of British pockets it shall bloweth all cobwebs off every dozing closet axe hero on these isles.  
PHILLIP BELL/SOUNDS

**SPECIAL LOW PRICE  
DOUBLE LIVE ALBUM**

Chrysalis





VENOM: heretical halitosis.

## HELL'S BELLS



**VENOM**  
**'Welcome To Hell'**  
 (Neat Records Neat 1002 LP)

The link between HM and the forces of darkness is sufficiently well established to be almost traditional. Artists like Sabbath, Alice Cooper and BOC have built their reputation on satanic soundtracks and with 'Welcome To Hell', their debut LP, Newcastle-based Venom both continue the tradition and take it a whole step further.

There's nothing false or flippant here. Cronos, Mantas and Abaddon, the constituents of this three-man cover, approach their subject with discipular sincerity. A 10-track blast of heretical halitosis, 'WTH' forcefully questions the comforting Christian notion that good ultimately triumphs over evil. In the world

invoked by Venom, virgins get the sacrificial chop, bodies are invariably headless (or at least limbless), teeth are ground with Black & Decker fury and Satan always wins.

*"No golden cross of heaven  
 Or ancient key of kings  
 Could save the world of sinners  
 when the midnight sabbath rings"  
 (One Thousand Days In Sodom)*

Although semi-pro at present, the band are destined for notoriety. They make pronouncements like the above, grimace, wield axes (real ones), clench fists poking from studded leather and split their legs dramatically at the first sight of a lens. But then, no one's perfect and, for the most part, their total, unabashed commitment to the pagan principle pulls them through. It's only when they turn their attention to the pleasures of the flesh (ie women) that an obnoxious streak becomes evident.

*"I got you down beneath me,  
 Open wide (Ha Ha),  
 I'm gonna make you pay for all  
 The times you've cheated and lied"  
 (Poison)*

Lapses of this sort excepted, however, it's good diabolical stuff brimful of belligerence and anarchic energy. Guitars either fight and growl in the depths of the mix or flash siren-like from the speakers

while lyrics are spat out like mouthfuls of shrapnel.

Particularly effective are 'In League With Satan', with its lunereal riff and threatening hook and the title track itself where over the usual cloven-hoofed cacophony a solitary female voice broke through: *"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me in green pastures to lie..."* before being swamped by drummer Abaddon's well-aimed 'Nuclear Warheads'. And so it proceeds, an unrelenting orgy of original sin. Grab hold of your garlic and don't let go 'cos Venom don't just want bodies — they want souls.

DANTE BONUTTO



**LOVERBOY**  
**'Get Lucky'**  
 (CBS 85402)

STRAIGHT TO the point, the second

Loverboy elpee 'Get Lucky' is red-hot product and definitely better than their debut effort which, to these ears, was one of the finest albums of 1981. Basically, the band play straightforward polished hard rock, the sort that US radio stations seem to revel in. Indeed, that first record sold incredibly well in America and the new one has already secured a steady Stateside chart position.

In actual fact, Loverboy are of Canadian origin although their music tends to adhere more to the Journey/Foreigner end of the spectrum. Hard guitars blend well with clever use of synthesizers and powerful vocals. However, like those aforementioned bands, one can't help but feel that a hit single will be needed in order to lift them off the ground in this country. The success that Foreigner have enjoyed with 'Waiting For A Girl Like You' is irrefutable proof of this fact.

Bearing this in mind, it's interesting to note how British DJs have picked up on the song 'Working For The Weekend', the current single release. This is the album's opener, a vibrant rocker that sets a lively pace to proceedings. Whether it will actually be a hit here remains to be seen. To be quite frank Loverboy would probably score better with 'Lucky Ones', a tune which should unquestionably be the next 45.

Besides those two songs, there are plenty of other powerful cuts on 'Get Lucky' — 'Gangs In The Street' and 'It's Your Life' immediately spring to mind. My only major reservation about the band is that of identity. Sure, the music and the playing are good but one can't be certain that the individual charisma of a Lou Gramm or a Neil Schon is there. I guess we'll have to wait until the group play in Britain before establishing that fact.

STEVE GETT



**TANK**  
**'Filth Hounds Of Hades'**  
 (Kamaflage Records KAM LP1)

THAT THE names of Tank and Motorhead should be linked is unsurprising. Both bands share a manager and both line up as trios with a singing bass player (whose name ends in 'y' if the point requires stretching). In addition, the





**MAGNUM**, aimed at America

pair have hit the road together in the past, and will do so again on Motorhead's forthcoming UK tour, while 'Fast' Eddie Clarke, producer of the Tank EP, has now supervised the 'Filth Hound' sessions as well.

Liaising with a band of Motorhead's popularity has inevitably imbued the Croydon-based Tankists with a kudos belying their experience and years. It's opened a few doors and turned a few heads. But on the evidence of this, their debut LP, it's time the two parties shook hands and split.

The simple fact is there can only be one Motorhead (something that must be of considerable comfort to the more fragile dwellers of Port Vale). Which isn't to say that Algy Ward (bass/vocals) and brothers Mark and Peter Brabbs (drums and guitar respectively) are looking to succeed on someone else's terms. Just that in image, music and mayhem Lemmy and Co present an uncompromising HM front whereas Tank don't slide so easily into that niche.

They can certainly box the ears when they want. 'Shellshock', 'Struck By Lightning' and particularly 'Heavy Artillery', where brute force is channelled by a tight song structure, all deliver the requisite blows but it's on the less predictable 'Stormtrooper' and 'T.W.D.A.M.O.' ('That's What Dreams Are Made Of') that the band sound most relaxed and hence most effective. The latter is especially impressive, starting with a magnificently graphic simile — *"Her love is like dragging your balls across barbed wire"* — and climaxing with a double-tracked guitar solo rendered all the more striking by its relative restraint.

These are the highpoints. Elsewhere the songs occasionally throw up structural flaws ('Who Needs Love Songs'). Algy's naturally hoarse delivery occasionally comes across as a little

too strained ('Filth Hounds Of Hades') and the band in general sound straitjacketed. With due respect to Eddie, now producing the Motorhead album it seems, what the band need is a producer who will make it possible for them to branch out while still preserving their brash and boisterous roots. A prolonged tête-à-tête with the Motormen may ultimately prove stunting to the growth.

**DANTE BONUTTO**



### **MAGNUM** **'Chase The Dragon'** **(Jet JETLP 235)**

PLEASANT, varied but surprisingly conservative set of performances from a well-seasoned band who seem to be holding a one-group festival of 'seventies rock'. Bob Catley sings with passion as his cohorts provide a backdrop rich in memories of Yes, ELO and, more recently, Eddie Jobson's UK.

Not for them the hard rock chest-beating of most heavy metal. Instead we hear Mark Stanway play a beautiful synthesiser line on their stand-out ballad 'We All Play The Game' complete with strummed acoustic guitar from Tony Clarkin. Grand piano sweeps a way into

'Sacred Hour' which closes side two of the album and was one of the finer moments of the band's recent gigs with Krokus at London's Hammersmith Odeon. Mark plays with classically trained dexterity but avoids too many florid flourishes. He helps to prod the rhythm section into action with stabbing phrases here and complements Bob's declaiming vocals with tinkling synthesiser rain drops there. Where? Well on 'The Lights Burned Out' for example, which also has some neat unison guitar and keyboard 'singing'.

I imagine this whole package is aimed mainly at American radio, where local stations are apt to play whole albums for the delight of the college-educated truck drivers delivering beer across the State line. A band of such obvious ability should be prepared to take a few more musical risks and not rely so heavily on tried and trusted ideas. But as the older-established bands fade away, perhaps Magnum will find themselves the only ones left playing this style, and as such, feled as novelties of the age. Meanwhile, no one can deny they have created a couple of classics with 'The Lights Burned Out' and 'We All Play The Game'. Music to hold up burning copies of the *Washington Post* by

**CHRIS WELCH**



**'Fast' Eddie Clarke and Peter Brabbs. Producer and protégé.**





SAGA: downright symphonic

## SAGA ADDICTS

**SAGA: 'Worlds Apart' (Maze ML8004)**

Let's begin with a known name — Saga toured the UK last year (anyone remember?). 'World's Apart' is the Canadian Symphonic Rockers' fourth album and chances are it won't see the light of day in the UK. A pity, because this newbie shows Saga doing what they do best: playing complex, melodic (if not desperately heavy) KOR (Keyboard Orientated Rock).

Jim Gilmour weaves intricate synth lines around Michael Sadler's pompous, pompous vocals to tremendous effect, especially on 'Wind Him Up' and 'The Interviews'. But inspiration sadly runs out on side two, with the meandering and ineffective 'Conversations' and 'No Stranger (Chapter VIII)'. Buy the last, excellent, UK-released 'Silent Knight' LP and if you're hooked, then go for this! — HJ

**PRISM: 'Small Change' (Capitol ST12184)**

Particular favourites of mine, Prism have undergone personnel changes for this new LP. Gone are keyboardist John Hall and excellent vocalist Ron Tabak (the latter apparently for drug abuse), to be replaced by one Henry Small who, despite the rather dodgy name, is nothing less than an inspirational vocalist. His voice soars high above a series of marvellously melodic hard rock songs and ballads, of which the pick are the opener 'Don't Let Him Know' and 'Turn On Your Radar' (with its delicate keyboard lines and well-executed harmonies) and 'Heart And Soul'.

It is to detract from the other songs to pick best tracks, for all are winners except a horrible rock 'n' roller — 'In The Jailhouse Now'. Not a head-whacker, but hard rock heaven! — HJ

**FIST: 'Fleet Street' (A&M SP9068)**

Fist, or Myfist, as they are known here, to avoid confusion with Newcastle namesakes, are one of the weaker Canadian outfits. Their music is certainly heavy. Ron Chenier's guitar sees to that, but

when it comes to songwriting they're found wanting. Ivan Tossier's keyboards are an occasional saving grace, as is the humorous Sherlock Holmes/Doctor Watson conversation rap at the beginning of 'Fleet Street', but overall, it's a pretty drab affair to be avoided. — HJ

**SURVIVOR: 'Premonition' (Scotti Brothers A67 37549)**

I was told by a press officer at a certain record company that he received a free copy of 'Premonition' and thought it bland and uninspiring! Is it any wonder that Adam is still so popular, when genuinely fine bands are so dismissed?

Survivor's second LP is very Foreignerish, which basically means a healthy dose of everything that is good in music — hard rockin' gear, fine vocals and harmonies (check out 'Summer Nights'), tasty keyboards, and above all, a consistently excellent set of songs.

'Poor Man's Son' did well enough as a single Stateside, where hard rock is appreciated, and I can see Survivor being very big there. When will we wake up? — HJ

**LE ROUX: 'Last Safe Place' (RCA AFL1 4195)**

Following their last, mighty fine Pomp Rock album 'Up', on Capitol must have been no easy task for Le Roux so it's no surprise that 'Last Safe Place' their first RCA recording, can't quite reach the standard set. That's not to say, however, that this is a bad album — far from it. Stemming from the nucleus of Jeff Pollard's guitar, Rod Roddy's keyboards and the writing and vocal talents of both, this is an enjoyable, competent album, that contains some very fine numbers in 'Addicted', 'Long Distance Lover' and 'You Know How Those Boys Are'. However, you are judged by your own standards, and there is no 'Let Me Be Your Fantasy' or 'Waiting For Your Love' here. — HJ

**ALDO NOVA: 'Aldo Nova' (Portrait APR 37498)**

The first offering from a New York singer/guitarist who blends a vocal style similar to Tom Petty with an axe attack reminiscent of Randy Hanson. From 'Foolin' Yourself' with its cutting guitar and just-so harmonies, to 'Can't Stop Loving You', a sensitive bit of balladeering Nova shows his class. But it's the slow-burning 'Ball and Chain' that finally steals the show. An impressive album from a burgeoning talent. — SG

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'US Metal' (Shrapnel Shrapnel 1001)**

New HM bands from America put side-by-side with disappointing results. The man responsible for the alignment is a certain Mr Varney (probably not Reg) who claims to have selected the bands featured only after hearing some 400 demo tapes. Hard to believe when — with one notable exception — what's on offer are dated, often interminable guitar solos masquerading as songs.

In fairness 'Rockin' Disease' by Toyz isn't all bad and Lyle Workman's 'Code 3' an OK instrumental but, the Rod's 'Getting Higher' aside, there's little to motivate the neck muscles — unless of course archive guitar work is your cup of tea. Clearly not the best America has to offer. — SG



DOC HOLLIDAY: 300-dates-a-year men

**DOC HOLLIDAY: 'Doc Holliday Rides Again' (A&M AMCH 64882)**

The Southern States rise (yet) again as Doc Holliday release their second LP. The Civil War is over and, as far as the South is concerned, lost, but minor facts like that are conveniently forgotten as the Doc stomp it up on 'Good Boy Gone Bad', set your heart fluttering with 'Southern Man' and show their country roots on 'Doin' (It Again)'.

For reasons as yet unknown, most bands of this ilk conclude their albums with a guitar-grinding epic and the Doc are no exception. 'Lonesome Guitar' can now take its place alongside Skynyrd's 'Freebird' and Blackfoot's 'Highway Song'. A fitting end to an album with more to offer than simple Confederate boogie. — SG

## WROUGH WRABIT (don't be wridiculous!)

**WRABIT: 'Wrough And Wready' (MCA 5268)**

What a wridiculous name! And the cover, — featuring Bugs Bunny reject artwork and a group shot that makes the band look wetter than your average Manchester day — is no better. Yet it'd be a shame to dismiss Wrabit on the (lack of) strength of the sleeve, for this Paul Gross (of Saga and Reckless fame) produced debut is often quite astounding in its brilliance.

The style of Wrabit is strange in that it is decidedly tuneful and would appeal to any fan of, say, Touch (and what's happened to them?), yet the guitars are, in places, very heavy. Check out 'Just Go Away' to see what I mean. An



WRABIT: nothing to do with Chas &amp; Dave

encouraging debut that looks set for release here in the near future. — HJ



# ALL TANKED UP

"At Rawlinson End a pale impudent sun poked tiger fingers into the master bedroom, and sent the shadows scurrying like convent girls menaced by a tramp *Filth Hounds Of Hades!*"

(Extract from 'Sir Henry At Rawlinson End' by Vivian Stanshall-Eel Pie Books).

"Her love is like dragging your balls across barbed wire!"

('That's What Dreams Are Made Of' written and performed by Tank).

OOMLA OOMLA OOMLA YEA!

OOMLA OOMLA OOMLA YEAH!

OOMLA OOMLA OOMLA YEAH!

WAKEEE WAKEEEEEE!!!!

**T**HIS DEMENTED chant, reminiscent of a meeting between a gathering of crazed caucasian cockney zulus performing a voodoo ritual and Billy Cotton speeding out of his box, introduces the most outrageous/potent 12 inches of HM delirium to have escaped and be allowed to run rampage on innocent turntables for a long time. Yessir, there's no doubt that the debut album from Tank features some of the most demented/frantic moments of high energy rock and roll that my charred remains of a brain has heard this year. This crazed, cranium-crushing combo from Croydon have lived up to and beyond my wildest preconceived expectations and managed to capture the true essence of the raw power that originally enticed/teased/n't tickled my libido for HM.

Tank make the kind of noises that will not only upset your neighbours, but shake the portals of your street and cause tremors in surrounding areas. You can forget the putrid whining groups like Journey and Loverboy. If you're into watered down clichés then this record will probably burn your fingers — and God knows what it'll do to your aural senses.

As their monicker suggests, they make the sweet music of a Panzer division let loose in an old folks home. Subtle is a word that just doesn't exist in their vocabulary — this is the real McCoy, definitely not for the weak of heart. If you're prone to palpitations, a bit twee in your taste, or a Rush fan, then I suggest you put on your bicycle clips when listening to this. But for genuine, diehard HM fans, this is an album liable to induce orgasmic hysteria. This, my Iron Cast chums, is THE BUSINESS-Metal Machine Music For Real Muthas.

'Filth Hounds Of Hades' is the result of a collaboration between a collection of motley musicians whose diverse backgrounds give not a hint that they'd be capable of something as brain damaging as this.

Take one former Damned Saint, Algy Ward, bass player/vocalist/lyricist extraordinaire and the brothers Brabb: Mark (drums) and Pete (guitar) and you've got the contents of Britain's most lethal band.

To get a more thorough lowdown on the situation I met The Brothers Brabb in some sleazy after hours drinking den where, amidst a volley of spiritual gargle we proceeded to discuss the past, present and future.

At this very moment in time the group are about to embark on a nationwide tour with Motorhead (alias WDARGHHH!) yet only two years ago Tank was just a mere gleam 'n' dream sparkle in the eyes of Algy and Pete, as the latter explained:

"The first time we met Algy, me and Mark were playing in a band together and he was in the audience. Later on he came backstage and told us he was going to play in a band with us one day. After that our group split up and I quit playing guitar for about two years. I got a bit apathetic because we were playing rock and punk was beginning to emerge and it became really hard to get gigs. No-one seemed to be interested. At that time Mark was playing on various sessions and had joined a group that was on the

verge of signing a contract.

Then Pete met up again with Algy, who by now was playing with the Damned and contemplating recording a solo single of an HM nature.

"It's all a blur how I came to meet Algy again. I vaguely remember going off on this massive drinking binge and having all-night sessions talking about what we were going to do. When we decided to form a band we decided that we wanted Mark in straight away. At that time he had commitments but eventually he realised there was more potential with this band."

They readily admit that initially the group got together more for a laugh than anything. Mark: "The first few months of rehearsals weren't a waste of time, but they were total piss-ups. At first we thought we had the studio free so we'd get roaring drunk but eventually we found we had to pay for it. The first tour we did was with Girlschool and it wasn't an amazing success. We weren't very professional and a good thirty percent of the gigs were naff because we'd get so drunk that we couldn't play and in the end we realised we were f---ing ourselves around really."

It was after their first tour with Motorhead that the group realised they'd have to get their act a little more together if they were going to get anywhere.

Mark: "We thought right let's knuckle under, whereas before we'd look on a gig as a drink-up first and a chance to play second. We didn't respect the fact that audiences had paid to see two bands, we didn't have that much responsibility. Now we've become more serious in our mental attitude, but otherwise... well, you'll see if you come on tour. We know, you've got to put on a good show, but you've also got to enjoy yourself — have a fun element. So nothing we do is rehearsed or choreographed, it's all very spontaneous."

Being on the lunatic fringe, Tank find they attract a similar kind of fan which is how they got their original following. The Filth Hounds Of Hades.

Mark: "We met them on the Girlschool tour, at Bristol, and we played a f---ing appalling gig. I remember everyone in the audience was standing still just staring, except for this one bloke who was going absolutely apeshit. He came



Drummer Mark Brabbs with a cuddly animal...



...and with a Philthy Animal

backstage after and told us that he thought we were amazing. Then three nights later in Birmingham he appeared again with these two other absolute nutcases and they proceeded to follow us throughout the whole tour. Nowadays we think of them more as mates than fans."

Apart from sharing the same management as Motorhead the groups record has also been produced by Eddie Clarke. It's the culmination of a long friendship and mutual admiration.

Mark: "Algy had known Motorhead for a long time and we heard what Eddie had done with Girlschool and thought he had a good ear for producing. He did a good job with our first single and that's why we wanted him to do the album. As it turns out he's producing Motorhead now."

At first the group planned to get a

vocalist/ frontman as they weren't too sure about Algy's voice. "We hadn't really heard him singing much but now especially since the album, I think he's got one of the best voices I've ever heard."

Both Pete and Mark want to get involved in the production side of things for the next album, for which they've already completed ten songs, though they'd still like 'Fast' Eddie to steer at the helm. Pete would also like to try and write the odd song. "At the moment Algy writes all the words but I'd really like to get into lyrics on the second album. For the moment though most of my lyrics are embarrassing. I've been trying to write but they really have been awful."

Mark: "I don't regard lyrics as being an integral part of the music we're playing. It's like with Bon Scott, you never listened to the words, it was that voice. I didn't know what the f--- he was going on about, yet I regard him as one of my favourite singers. I don't think that hard rock has anything to do with poetry... all that Soft Cell shit." Nor, as Mark points out, do the group feel any particular allegiance to the NWOBHM movement. "We're f---k all to do with that lot, we just want to be known as Tank. I don't want people who think 'hey, I'm cool, I'm going to see one of the new regime of whatever'. That's dreadful. I want people to come and see us because we're us... trouble is there's only about five people (laughs)."

At the moment, the group want to build themselves up doing a series of support dates rather than push themselves to the fore too quickly.

"If we did a headline gig we'd get too pissed. Imagine it. You do a soundcheck, you finish by opening time, and you don't have to go on till 10.30. That's five hours solid drinking. We wouldn't like to be considered as a headline band for a while yet. Supporting gives you that bit of initiative and you eventually know when the time is right. I'd love to do Reading, the only problem is they stick you on at weird times. If it was too early we'd probably still be recovering from the night before... mind you by the time we finished it would be opening time."

To quote their sleeve notes: LONG MAY THEIR TROUSERS PROSPER!!!

TOOTS DALEY



'THE C



**FRANK MARINO**



**PAT TRAVERS**



# ANADIAN AXE!



**TRIUMPH**



# KILLOWATT

The page  
that get  
into gear

Only 26, and with albums by Judas Priest, Thin Lizzy, Gary Moore, *Girl* and the Tygers of Pan Tang already to his credit, Cypriot-born Chris Tsangarides must be one of the youngest and most successful producers in rock today. He talks to Chas de Whalley about the role of the producer and .



## Heavy Metal Gorillas

**M**OST YOUNG bands get very worried about producers. They think they're all 40-year-old Americans with polo neck sweaters and gold medallions who will want to change their songs round to make them sound like REO Speedwagon or somebody. Just recently I produced an album with a new Canadian band called Anvil. They're on the same label over there as Triumph. And that was the image they had of me before we met. But as soon as they saw me at the airport with long hair, jeans and sneakers they realised I was a metallor just like themselves. So there was no problem.

"But just because I'm into their music and where they're coming from doesn't mean I'll necessarily sit back and let them get on with it by themselves. I have my reputation to think of as well, you see. If the album turns out to be lousy then it's always the producer who cops it. The band will never blame themselves and the record company will never admit they gave you a naff group to work with. So a producer has to be in control all the time. He is responsible to both parties but he is also responsible to himself. All he has to do is turn out a couple of dodgy albums and the word gets round the business that he's lost his touch and work dries up. So as a producer you're always going for the best you can get out of a band. And to do that you have to be a good psychologist as well as a good technician.

"I do all my own engineering but that doesn't mean all I look after is the sound of the recording. In some cases that is all I do, when I'm working with guys like the Lizzys or Gary Moore or people who have done lots of studio work and made plenty of records and have learned the score through experience. But normally I'll chuck my two-penn'orth in and make all sorts of suggestions. Especially if I'm working with a band who are doing their first album like the Tygers of Pan Tang who I produced or Sweet Savage from Belfast who I've been recording with most recently.

"Before we start in the studio I check 'em out at a gig or a rehearsal and make sure they can play. That's very important because, despite all the amazing things you can do with tape these days, if a band is crap it's impossible to make a good record with them. Then they'll play you some rough demos of their songs on a cassette and if the material is good there'll be lots of scope. But invariably it will need rearranging.

And that's when you have to be particularly tactful. You have to explain that what may work great on stage may not be quite enough to make a good record and that the band will show themselves up in the best light if they make a few changes here and there. Like swap a couple of choruses round or put the lead break in later in the song or whatever. The important thing is to come at the problem from the band's viewpoint. Not to dictate to them and make them feel like idiots. And that goes for the whole time you're recording. For three or four weeks the producer has to become like another member of the group because he'll be living with them and eating with them and joking with them and partying with them. Making an album is really quite a private experience and if the producer and the band aren't on the same wavelength then it can be disastrous both personally and musically.

**T**HE question of singles can often cause conflict. Luckily these days bands are a lot more aware of how the business works than they were when I first started as a tape op eight years ago. They know that a good single played on the radio can make a tremendous difference on album sales figures. But while they all nod their heads in agreement when their record company A&R man talks singles at them there's always the temptation once they're in the studio to say 'To hell with all that! We're rockers! We're not selling out!' So that's another situation the producer has to approach with caution.

"Personally I listen hard to each of the backing tracks as we go through them and whenever I hear something that sounds particularly hooky I immediately think of all the people who aren't necessarily dyed-in-the-wool heavy metal fans who might hear that hook on the radio and whistle along to it. And I develop or enhance those hooks to attract them. Doesn't matter what it is. It could be a little guitar figure at the end of every verse. Or a harmony vocal halfway through a chorus. But if you want a big hit record you have to get those people interested otherwise all you're doing is preaching to the converted.

"You only have to think about it for a moment to realise that not everybody who buys a Thin Lizzy or a Saxon single is a metallor, like not everybody who buys The Human League is a futurist. But just because you're aiming at a broader market doesn't mean to say you are

making the music any less heavy. The balls can still be there. You can still be melodic and heavy. And that's the sort of combination you need for a hit single.

"It's even more true in America. But they're funny people the Americans. I frequently find that when I've finished an album, it sounds fantastic and everybody over here is knocked out by it. Then you hear the report from the American record company and they say 'It's too raw!' What?!? But it's metal music. It's supposed to be that way. What are they on about? Then you take a listen to the stuff they're putting out and there's this sheen to the sound. There are hundreds of things going on. Zip zap, all round the speakers. But there's no stick to it. No energy, no aggression. Which is surely what metal music is all about.

**B**UT then I go for character when I record. Not pure perfection. There's nothing worse than building up a track instrument by instrument. Sure you get an impeccably played piece of music. But there's something funny about it. It doesn't make you tingle with excitement. So I book a studio with a big room with good acoustics, move in a stage drum riser and get the band to bring in exactly the same gear they use live. I believe in the bigger the better as far as heavy music is concerned.

"I'm very fussy about the sort of microphones I use. I can't stand the crappy stage mikes most people use for instruments. I work with Neumann 87s or nothing. They're incredibly expensive and incredibly delicate and some engineers go white when I say I'm going to use them to mike up a bank of Marshall cabinets. They're sure I'll blow them to pieces. But a microphone is like an earhole and you should be as careful where you put one as you would where you put your own ear. After all, you don't put your head next to a 4X12 when a guy's playing through it, do you? I do do some close miking, although never nearer than about a yard on anything. But basically I just walk round the room and where it sounds best that's where I'll put a microphone. And I put them everywhere. In front, behind, above, near, far, wherever it takes to pick up all the reflections and echoes and harmonics that the room can give you. Sometimes a mike's position can be crucial. An inch out in one direction or another can change the sound going onto tape completely.

"After that it's down to getting a good performance out of the band. Having them all play together and working up a good atmosphere. I don't worry over much about the odd bum note because you'd get that live anyway and essentially speaking I try to make the tape sound like the kind of live gig that fries your brains and pins you against the back of your seat. Heavy, serious drums are a must and I've worked out something I call C.T.'s Patent Vortex for guitars. You can hear it on some of Gary Moore's solo album. And the Anvil album, when it comes out. And some of Thin Lizzy's 'Renegade'.

"It's a technique I invented some years back when I was still a tape op. I turned a Marshall cabinet into a huge bin by building 30 foot flares either side of it with studio separation screens. It was all for a metallor called John Goodsell who was working with Brand X at the time. It made the most incredibly huge noise I'd ever heard and I've used a smaller variation on guitar overdubs ever since. It brings out so many extra harmonics from the strings it will scramble your brains if you're listening on headphones. It's like the onslaught of the Heavy Metal Gorillas. But that's how metallors like it, isn't it? Meaty, mean and slicing the top of your head off. And that's what I go for."



# KONTACT

OUR REGULAR *Contact* spot aims to help answer many of those questions about your favourite bands, fan club details, equipment queries or merchandising problems, etc. If you've got a question, write to us at: *Contact*, Kerrang! 40 Long Acre, London WC2. But we're sorry that no personal correspondence may be entered into.

**C**AN you tell me the names of the musicians in the Billy Squier band? Tonka, Angus, Scotland.

● The band consists of: Bobby Chouinard, drums; Mark Clarke, bass and backing vocals; Allan St John, keyboards, synthesisers and backing vocals and Cary Sharaf, guitar.

For any Billy Squier fans waiting for current information on the band: Billy is at present writing material for his next album, but a British tour isn't likely until the end of the year.

**C**OULD you please include lists of singles and albums released on the Heavy Metal label. Cos, Peacock Lane, Brighton.

## ALBUMS

'Heavy Metal Heroes', Various Artists (HMR LP 1)  
Also available on tape, (HMR MC 1)  
'Beastiality', The Handsome Beasts (HMR 2 LP 2)  
Also available on tape, (HMR MC 2)

## SINGLES

'All Riot Now', The Handsome Beasts (HEAVY 1)  
'Breaker', The Handsome Beasts (HEAVY 2)  
'Battle Torn Heroes', Buffalo (HEAVY 3)  
'Ambitions', Dragster (HEAVY 4)  
'Dance To The Music', Last Flight (HEAVY 5)  
'Burning A Sinner', Witchfinder General (HEAVY 6)  
'Savage', Split Beaver (HEAVY 7)  
'Live To Ride', Satanic Rites (HEAVY 8)  
'Firebird', Twisted Ace (HEAVY 9)  
'Back Street Woman', Jaguar (HEAVY 10)  
'Sweeties', The Handsome Beasts (HEAVY 11)  
'Sheralee', Soldier (HEAVY 12)  
'Rock Lives On', Shiva (HEAVY 13)  
'This Fire Inside', Twisted Ace (HEAVY 14)

**I** WONDER if you could inform me of an address where I can get a book on teaching yourself to play bass guitar? Colin Brown, Muckhart Road, Dollar, Scotland.

● There are various self tuition books on the market that can be bought in bookstores and some of the larger record stores but for convenience there are several mail order companies that stock musical publications. Write to Mail Order Music, Camden House, 71 High Street, Newmarket, Suffolk for a full catalogue of books available.

**I**'VE enjoyed reading Kerrang! but I'm writing to you for information on a band I've heard nothing of for about a year. Can you give me any up to date info or what F1st have planned in the future as I feel they deserve a mention. Mark Geddes, Beauchamps Drive, Wickford, Essex.

● News from Neat Records is that the F1st line-up has had a few changes; Keith Satchfield and John Wylie have left. Replacements are Jo Appleby (ex-Thrust) and John Paul Roach (ex-Mythra) have joined Harry Hills and Dave Irwin, thus continuing the F1st saga. F1st also appear on the compilation tape from Neat called 'Lead Weight' (NEAT/C/100) which also features bands on the Neat label including Raven, White Spirit, Bitches Sin and many others.

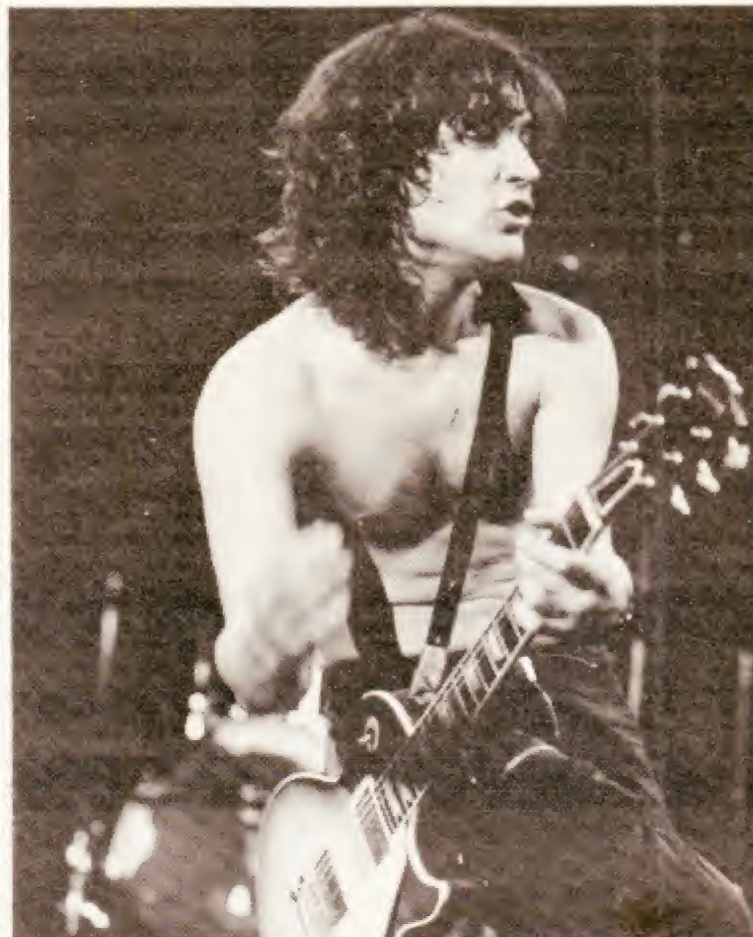
## FAN CLUBS

**MOLLY HATCHET:** P.O. Box 6600, Macon, GA 31231, USA.

**RAINBOW:** P.O. Box 7, Prescot, Merseyside, L35 4PP.

**THIN LIZZY:** Morrison-O'Donnell Productions, 9 Disraeli Road, London SW15.

**IRON MAIDEN:** Unit 10, 15 Lotts Road, London SW10.



BILLY SQUIER: for full line-up see first letter



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# ARMED & READY

More new bands to watch out for

## MARILLION



**C**HECKING my list of chores for the day, I notice, nestling between 'wash underpants' (It's ok I've got two pairs) and 'clean up cat s--- from carpet' that it seems to say 'Interview FISH!' Now strange as it may seem I am not in the habit of interviewing goldfish and the like unless there's a darned good reason, and as this particular Fish doesn't have fins or eat maggots I reckon it's worth a bash. Confused? You aren't the only one.

Let me explain: Fish happens to be the vocalist with Marillion, a band poised to singlehandedly restore the good name of progressive rock. And after listening to their demo tape and seeing them turn in a stunning set at London's Marquee, the above doesn't seem such a tall order.

Formed in 1979 by drummer Mick Pointer, Marillion underwent the obligatory personnel changes before settling on the current line-up in November last year. That being: Mick (drums), Steve Rothery (guitars), Diz Minnitt (bass), Mark Kelly (keyboards), and Fish (vocals).

Originally Silmarillion (the name of a Tolkien novel) the band gradually moved from their soft "Camel type music" to a more aggressive sound.

I put it to Fish that when anyone thinks of "progressive rock" these days, it conjours up pictures of college boys.

"I would have agreed with you a few years ago, but not now. We go down a storm in the pubs. In Aylesbury we've even got a punk following. The thing we made sure to avoid was being classed as a second Genesis."

But how relevant is the music after the changes of the last few years?

"We could be pretentious and say we're trying to bring music back into the industry because there's too much emphasis on the beat these days. The search for something new has taken music back rather than forward. What we are doing is combining the complexity of early 70's music

with the aggression and honesty of punk. That's how we're capturing people, by playing that kind of music, but in clubs rather than huge stadiums."

Your songs often contain social comment. Do you consider yourselves political?

"No, we try to avoid politics. 'Forgotten Sons', the song we do about Northern Ireland, was thought out very carefully. It took me three months to get the lyrics right, because I was really scared that when I sang it it might come across as pro-IRA or pro-British Government. What we wanted to do was stand in the middle and say 'This is the situation just look at it for twenty minutes'. And we think it works."

What about 'The Great Cucumber Massacre of 1982'? That seems to be a dig at the Cambridge garden-party brigade.

"For a while Diz and I were involved in that: We had a band which was pure shit, like an experimental King Crimson. Anyway, we split and moved down to Cambridge where I started going out with this chick who was an archaeology student and we got invited to this dinner

party. Now if you or I went to a party we'd take a six pack of beer and if we were lucky we'd get a few sandwiches. But this was like spaghetti bolognese, trifle and white wine and everyone would check what wine you'd brought to see how good it was. So Diz and I turned up in face make-up and freaked everyone out, and there was this guy talking about Palestine. Sitting there all cosy in Cambridge telling everyone about the situation in Palestine, and I thought 'You're talking a load of shit'. In the end we had this heavy political argument which ended with him leaving because he thought I was going to hit him. Anyway, the word spread about Diz and I and we were invited to all the parties. We became the 'in thing', like 'pet rock' musicians."

Going back to the music, where do you think your strength lies?

"I think most HM fans, the people who have been brought up on the Angelwitches etc, are beginning to look for something a little more complex, because they've heard the HM stuff so many times before. Our songs have heavy sections but they also have light sections. Each song is

like a set, it's an hour crammed into ten minutes."

Finally, how did you come to be called Fish?

"I used to be a lumberjack and I was living in a boarding house run by this eighty year old bitch. She was a real pain in the arse, her whole day was spent looking out of the window watching the people going up and down the road — gossip, gossip, gossip. Anyway, one day she turned round and said, 'as from now you're only allowed one bath a week and any subsequent bath will cost you twenty pence'. So every Wednesday I used to buy six cans of McEwans and go up to the bath with the beer, 20 fags, a book, a radio and a bag of sweets and just lie there for hours. It really used to bug her because the only toilet was in the bathroom. Then one day a mate came round and asked where I was, and she said 'in the bath'. He waited about an hour and a half and the woman wouldn't come up and tell me he was there, so eventually when I did get out he said 'what's wrong with you, are you some sort of f---king fish', and the name stuck." GEOFF BANKS





# LONE WOLF

**Y**OU'VE heard the rumour, read the gossip. Now read the truth. My own story. "Why I left Iron Maiden and other stuff," by Paul Di'anno. Only here in your soaway Kerrang! (bingo cards optional).

Over the past four months everyone and their dog seems to have had a "have you heard about Paul Di'anno" story. Well with any luck this will be a "Now you know what happened to Paul Di'anno" story.

It all started back in August last year, following Maiden's much publicised US jaunt. The word was "Paul's voice had cracked up". Then followed his sudden departure and equally sudden replacement by Bruce (rule seven no poofers) Dickenson and since it's been a case of your guess is as good as mine.

So the news that Paul had finally put together a band.

demanded further investigation. After an abortive attempt to form a three piece with Paul on bass and vocals the current Lone Wolf line-up fell into place and now, after intensive rehearsals, they look set to turn more than a few heads. It was at one of these rehearsals in the none too fashionable East End that I cornered Paul and co for a bit of a chat.

Obvious first question. Why did you leave Maiden?

"Basically I was fed up with the music. After a while it got a bit monotonous. I didn't think there was enough scope for what I wanted to do. I wanted to sing instead of scream, so I left."

It's been said elsewhere that you left because of the continuous touring.

"No that's not true. I do like touring but I thought, if you present yourself to people so

many times they must get sick of you and we were constantly on the road. You'd come home after one tour and if you were lucky you'd have a week off before starting the next. I thought we were ramming ourselves down people's throats."

Was forming another band always in your mind?

"For the last two years it was, but during the first few years it was total commitment. Initially, I was going to leave nine months before I actually did, but if I'd left then it would have screwed it up for all of us. It was such a crucial time for the band."

Do you think the old Maiden fans will stand by you?

"I don't know until we've been on the road. They may be a bit surprised because there aren't any screams this time. I'm singing rather than squawking like a demented parrot. We're still a rock band though, and a good rock band at that, but there's no way we'll ever sound like Iron Maiden. We've left ourselves a lot

of room to expand whereas if you play straight heavy metal, which is based on a few chords and turning it up as loud as you can, that's all there is to it. I can safely say we're a progressive rock band. "The New Wave of Progressive Rock" if the press want a name for it.

What was the first thing you looked for when forming a band?

"Good musicians. I hunted around for a few months and luckily I got three people from one band. It was just a case of Paul (P.J.) Ward and I nosing around until we got the right people."

The three being: Mark Stuart, Kevin Browne and Mark Venables with John Wiggins joining a few weeks later. How come three of you (Mark, Mark and Kev) decided to leave your old band?

Kev: "None of us were that keen on the music, the guitarist used to write all the songs, so when Paul (Di'anno) explained the kind of band he was putting together it sounded just like what we were looking for. Some of the

ideas we have for songs would have been frowned upon before because we had to stick to our little pub band image.

P.J.: "When we started we had two or three basic rock songs, but as we got to know each other they became more and more technical. Not technical to the point of losing the feel for the music, but technical heavy rock."

What do you do regarding song writing?

Mark V.: "No one person writes the songs, what we do is jam in the studio and if someone comes up with a good idea we all pick up on it."

To round things up, what are you doing about gigs?

Paul D.: "I don't think it's wise to go out on the road without a product people can listen to. You take an awful risk playing material no one has heard before."

So it seems that until Lone Wolf get an album together their goings-on will remain as elusive as they have for the past four months. GEOFF BANKS

LONE WOLF: (l to r) Mark Venables, John Wiggins, Kevin Browne, Paul Di'anno, Mark Stewart, Paul Ward





## ARMED & READY

### HELIX

**D**ESCRIBING THEIR music as 'raunch and roll', Ontario-based Helix look set to explode over Britain in the coming months. An unknown commodity certainly but the likes of Rush, Triumph, Anvil and Loverboy have already given proof of Canada's fine musical pedigree so Helix, together now some seven years, shouldn't have too much trouble stirring up interest.

Over the past few years the band have toured constantly, entertaining crowds from Vancouver to Illinois with a versatile brand of rock often reminiscent of Del Leppard. Songs like 'Breaking Loose' and 'Women, Whiskey And Sin' show the full-blooded side of their repertoire while 'Long Distance Heartbreak' is a slow-building epic and 'The Thoughts That Bleed' a haunting ballad.

The present line-up, Brian Vollmer (vocals), Micks Uzela (bass), Leo Niebudek (drums) and Brent Doerner and Paul Hackman (guitars), has recorded two albums, 'Breaking Loose' and



'White Lace And Black Leather', both available on import only, though the band's manager has recently been negotiating a

British deal. Word is that Pinnacle distribution have picked up the rights.

For further info contact: Helix,

c/o H and S Records, 104 King St. South, PO Box 413, Waterloo, Ontario N2J 4A9, Canada. SAMMY GEE



### VIOLATION

**V**IOLATION, hailing from Livermore near San Francisco, were founded early in '77 by lead guitarist Paul Harris and vocalist/guitarist Perry Fotos. Bassist Brian Khoury joined soon after, having cut his teeth in a local bar band, and, following an impromptu jam at a party, drummer Mike Pavlick completed the four-man line-up.

At first the band played covers — 'Godzilla', 'Whole Lotta Rosie', etc — but today they power through a strong set of originals with a flair reminiscent of UFO (their fave band). Which isn't to say that Violation are mere copyists. The solo on the epic 'Comin' After You' may bring to mind Schenker's playing on 'Rock Bottom' but hardcore rockers like 'Goin' Down Fighting' and 'Balls Out' as well as the slower-burning 'Hot Fire' bear their own distinctive stamp with Harris, as always, the main driving force. Spandex wrapped, blond locks flying, he darts across the stage, jumps over Perry,

charges the audience, picks his chordless flying V with his teeth and still finds time to take vocals on the tongue-in-cheek rocker 'Fellatio'.

Today, the band have a large following in the Bay Area, an offer of production from Randy Hanson and at least three 'battle of the bands' competitions under their belts. At a recent gig in Danville they pulled a new house record and they've supported many times at the Old Waldorf where MSG, Motorhead, Gamma and BOC have headlined.

In addition, they've produced two self-financed demo tapes, of which over 1000 have been sold locally, and are at present laying down new tracks with Leonard Haze of Y and T filling in for the recently departed Pavlick.

For further info, send a SAE to: Violation, c/o 35 Ennendale Drive, Kingsbury, London NW9. SAMMY GEE

# NEXT KERRANG! ON SALE MARCH 25





**STARFIGHTERS:** saved the slog

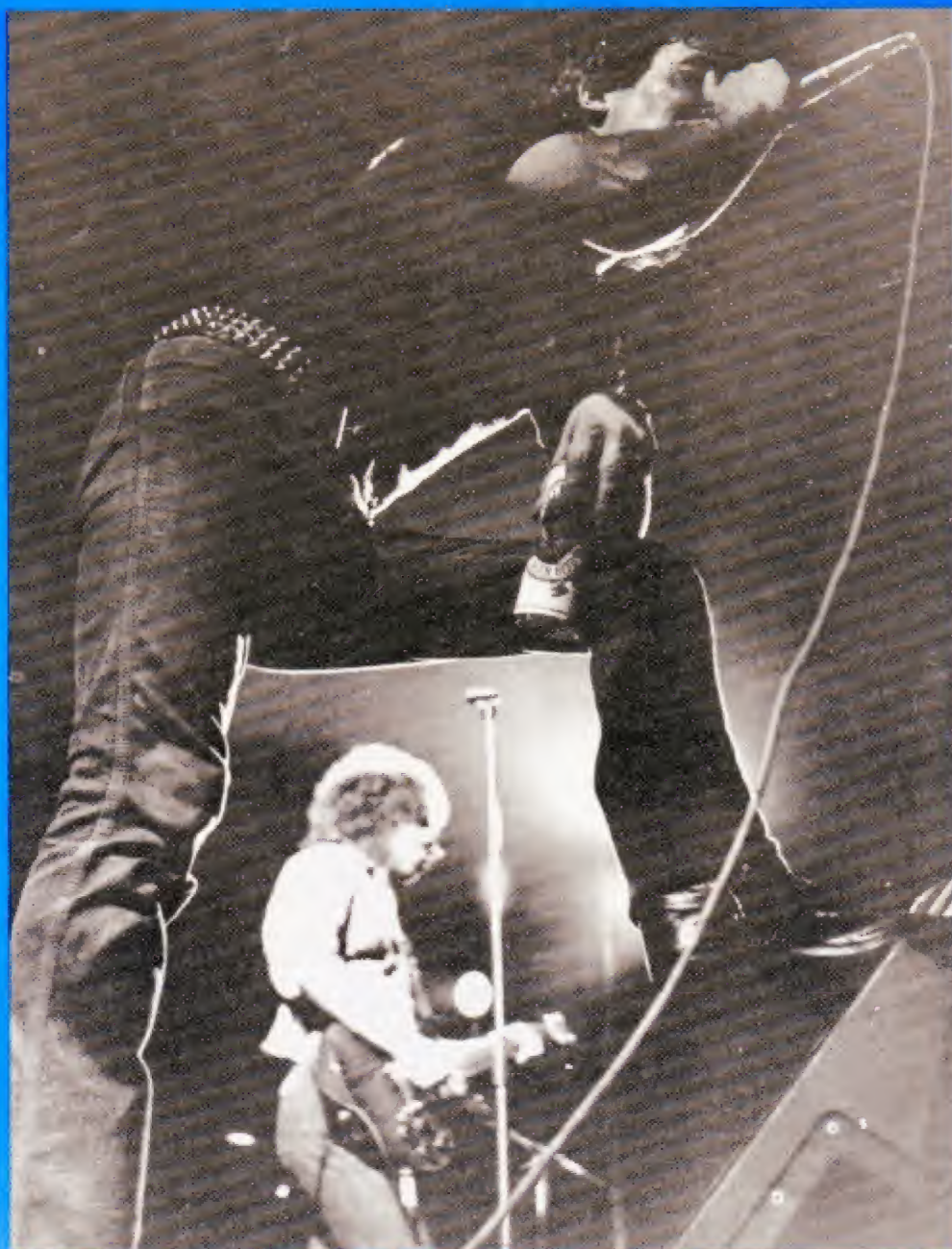
**A**NOTHER city, another Holiday Inn! Stevie Young wanders into the lobby of Chicago's City Centre hotel barefoot, unwashed and looking somewhat slightly dazed. The Starfighters have just hit town, after a lengthy overnight journey from another mid-Western gig, and their rhythm guitarist is eager to freshen up.

The band are halfway through their inaugural Stateside visit and judging from Steve's condition it's a pretty exhausting experience. Add to this, the fact that outside temperatures are well below freezing and one soon realises that Britain's latest hard rock export aren't exactly taking a relaxing vacation in the U.S. of A. — no way! Be that as it may, the Starfighters are extremely fortunate in being able to brave the Americas at this early point in their career. Indeed, most HM acts have had to make it in Britain before winging their way across the Atlantic.

But then, things have happened at an alarming pace for the Starfighters since they first surfaced onto the scene during AC/DC's 1980 UK tour. At that juncture, they were virtually unheard of, the only knowledge people had was that Stevie Young was related to Angus and Malcolm. Naturally, cynics were swift to dismiss them for their connections with the headliners, but their stage potential proved that they had plenty to offer in their own right.

A deal with the small but enterprising Jive Records label ensued and by September '81 the lads were back in British concert halls on a major support slot, this time with the Michael Schenker Group, with a debut album under their belts. The rest of the year was consumed by a series of their own headlining appearances on the club circuit and shortly before Christmas they were beckoned to the States for dates with Ozzy Osbourne.

And so, as the wheels of the Diary Of A Madman tour roll into Chicago, the Starfighters are indulging in a few hours break before showtime. While Stevie Young takes a shower, his room-mate, lead singer Steve



Burton, gives the low-down on the group's recent activities.

"We were really surprised when we found out that we were coming over," he declares. "We should have been starting work on the new album at the moment, but then we heard that they'd released the first one in the States and that it was picking up good airplay. In fact the radio stations have been putting it at the top of their add-on lists and it's been getting a lot of play. That's great for us because we hadn't envisaged that we'd be playing here until August at the earliest. But the record company and our agents got together and it all worked out from there. The other good thing was that a copy of the album got to Sharon and Don Arden and they liked it."

How have they found the

American way of life?

"Cold!" yells Steve Young from the bathroom.

Burton agrees: "Yeah, it's been freezing. But to be honest we haven't actually seen that much of the lifestyle. You tend to find that you play a gig and then go back to the hotel and then get on the tourbus... there isn't much time to see the sights. What struck me when we first got here was the size of the cars — they're big 'n' horrible and great! There's also some great shops for getting old gear like this." (He thrusts a decidedly aggressive looking bullet belt under my nose — charming!)

Despite his penchant for military ephemera, Steve Burton is actually a decent enough sort of chap. Affably talkative, one gets the impression that he is the

**Steve  
Gett  
talks  
to the  
Starfighters  
in Chicago**

**CONTINUED  
OVER PAGE**

# FIGHTING STARS





band's major spokesman. He had been singing in a number of local Birmingham bands before teaming up with Steve Young in the Starflighters. As I've said, a lot has happened in a short period and I wondered why Steve felt that they'd been so fortunate.

"Basically, I think it's because we've got good organisation behind us," he assesses. "They know a lot of people and obviously like what we're doing. They've got faith and therefore they're prepared to put in the commitment. We are really lucky

because we've saved a lot of the slog, having to walk around and see a million agents and record companies before someone picks up on us."

Such are the advantages of signing with a small label, as long as they are prepared to give the band the backing they need. Mind you, Jive Records is a subsidiary of the Zomba group who also publish a number of top bands as well as manage certain producers like Martin Birch, for example. However, it was before signing with Jive that the Starflighters got

their break on the AC/DC tour.

"A lot of people wanted to get on that tour," Steve explains. "And once it was announced that we were doing it a buzz started and a lot of people were asking 'Who the hell are the Starflighters?' Nobody really knew where we were from. Quite a few record companies turned up at the Hammersmith gigs but it was the usual thing whereby they told us they liked the band but wanted to see another 50 gigs, videos and hear more tapes before they'd be interested. We thought 'Sod that!'

and that's why we were happy to go with Jive. They've been great to us."

Nevertheless, there are those who resented the lads getting that break on the AC/DC tour merely because of the family ties. "Well, originally that was a fair assumption because what happened was that Malcolm turned round to Steve and offered him the break. But as he said 'We'll give you the stage to work on and the audience to play in front of but from there on it's totally up to you. If you're no good, we can't pull any more strings'."

"We had all that before," chips in Steve Young, "but if we weren't cutting it on stage or album then what can they do for us? They can't sell us."

A fair point. And several hours later the Starflighters are in an even better position to show that they're not just an AC/DC carbon copy as they prepare to hit the stage of Chicago's Rosemont Horizon auditorium.

Backstage after the gig, the Starflighters are in good spirits, although they realise that their one-night stand in Capone city is just another of a long series of dates they'll be playing in order to lay the foundation for future Stateside activities. They've still got quite a way to go before they attain headlining status, but at the rate things have been happening so far the Starflighters look set to crack America. In fact, both during and after the Ozzy gigs they are playing concerts on their own in certain areas.

As Steve Burton told me: "As far as we're concerned this is very much a showcase outing. What we're doing is letting people know about us so that we can come back with a good footing. But we're not going to leave Britain and Europe out of our future plans — and I'm not just saying that. People talk about America being the 'land of opportunity' and it is. Practically every band would like to make it over here because you can make a lot of dough if you do. But the thing is that Britain is our home and it's my belief that you don't shit on your own country."

FROM  
PAGE 31





# GUITAR HEROES

## Mike Pinera

(Alice Cooper's Special Forces)

**WHEN DID YOU BEGIN PLAYING GUITAR:** 1965

**WHY DID YOU START:** Because I heard 'Heartbreak Hotel' (Elvis Presley) and 'Maybeline' (Chuck Berry) and my mother bought me a guitar.

**FIRST TYPE OF GUITAR:** Airline guitar and then a Silverstone, which had an amp inside the case.

**EARLY INFLUENCES:** Chuck Berry, James Burton and Steve Cropper.

**FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE:** 1965 in Tampa, Florida at a church — you weren't supposed to play there so I blamed it on someone else and left before I was caught!

**FIRST APPEARANCE ON RECORD:** Blues Image LP on Atco Records.

**RECORDING BANDS:** Iron Butterfly ('Metamorphosis' and 'Evolution'), Ramatam with Mitch Mitchell and Cactus. And, of course, Alice Cooper's Special Forces.

**OTHER VINYL APPEARANCES:** I've done three solo albums.

**EQUIPMENT (LIVE):** Aria guitars — Music Man amp and a Road bottom. My effects are an Aria Graphic eq, Aria phaser, flanger and fuzz. I also use an Ovation 12-string.

**STUDIO EQUIPMENT:** The same as above, although I also use a Les Paul and Aria amps.

**NUMBER OF GUITARS OWNED:** 12.

**MOST MEMORABLE SOLO ON RECORD:** Several on the Blues Image 'Open' LP and also 'I Am The Bubble' on the Mike Pinera 'Forever' LP.

**OTHER GUITARISTS YOU ADMIRE:** Andy Summers, Carlos Santana, Neil Schon, Mick Jones and John McLaughlin, when his playing is high energy like it was on the early Mahavishnu work.





# CONCERTS

## THIN LIZZY Dublin (20/2/82)

ANYONE who has ever witnessed Thin Lizzy in concert will doubtless be aware of the kind of response that Phil Lynott expects from the audience during the song 'Baby Drives Me Crazy'. Nothing less than total euphoria is acceptable. Yet, when the Lizzy's recently played to a packed house in Dublin, he appeared none too happy.

"Baby-baby b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-baby!" he mouthed.

"Baby-baby b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-baby!" the crowd duly replied. Lynott clearly wasn't satisfied. "That's terrible!" he told them and proceeded to walk off stage taking the rest of the band with him. When the lads didn't come back the audience began to get restless and an avalanche of shouting and

whistling ensued. There could have been a riot but then back came Phil and the boys — a cheeky grin sweeping across Lynott's face. "I was only joking" he assured us all before the music started up again. The fans were ecstatic and refused to let their heroes depart before playing both 'Whisky In The Jar' and 'Rosalie'.

Let's face it though, Thin Lizzy were destined to go down a storm in Dublin's Fair City from the outset. Earlier that day, the Irish national rugby team had triumphed over the Scots and being a Saturday night the kids were more than ready to rock. The RDS hall was packed tight with Lizzy supporters and as soon as the houselights had dimmed, cueing the band's arrival on stage, the atmosphere was electric.

Basically, Lizzy performed the same set that English fans saw on the 1981 Renegade tour. They kicked off with three new tunes 'Angel Of Death', 'Renegade' and 'Hollywood' before embarking on a series of classic numbers along with the excellent 'Pressure Will Blow'. For sheer entertainment, Thin Lizzy must still rank as one of the hottest attractions in the business. The material, the stage presentation and the musicianship are all first rate and quite frankly I find it hard to knock 'em. In fact, even though they were on stage for nigh on two hours, at no point did I feel bored.

The only sore point of the evening was the poor sound quality at the start. But considering the dubious acoustics of the venue, the sound

crew did a fine job for the major part.

Keyboard player Darren Wharton is now making his presence felt to greater effect, but to me one of the highlights is still Scott Gorham's guitar playing. He is continually improving and is unquestionably one of the most underrated axemen on the scene... his solo LP should be an interesting affair to say the least.

Thin Lizzy on a downhill slide? Forget it! **STEVE GETT**



**LIGHTNING RAIDERS**

## THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS/SLEEK — Ad Lib/The Kensington 19/2/82

FOR A start this was my first enjoyable Friday night out in years, almost bringing back joyful memories of my youth club days, when headbanging was just a twinkle in the eyes of what was then called heavy rock. Of course my regular excessive intake of liquid refreshment complemented the evenings entertainment and relieved the claustrophobic atmosphere of The Kensington which has now taken on a posh new identity in a dubious attempt to go up market, adding pizzas and cocktails to its regular menu of the hand pump variety.

The proceedings kicked off with a major surprise in the form of an all-girl rock and roll quartet Sleek, who showed more than a lick and a promise on this their debut outing.

As usual the Raiders took the stage with the sort of venomous stance that is sorely missing in the rock and roll world of today. Like a cobra poised to strike they attracted onlookers with a blistering selection of material both polished and raw. Lead singer Gass Wild stalked the stage in the same threatening manner as the predator tattooed on his bicep, coming on like a Steve Tyler/Iggy Pop hybrid spitting out the lyrics with passion, this oral attack was complemented by the sparkling/pristine but equally fierce axe attack of lead guitarist John Hodge whose adrenalin charged slidework was often reminiscent of an HM Johnny Winter in his heyday (circa 'Second Winter').

Second guitarist Bruce Irvine backed him up more than adequately, strengthening an already sterling rhythm section in Sandy (bass) and George (drums). Who gives a damn about sounding clichéd, this band kick ass with the vigour and class of the late Aerosmith and the recently revived J. Geils. They have an impressive catalogue of material (all their own including classics like 'Sweet Revenge', 'Criminal World', and the ever popular 'Addiction'). They are tight, tasteful and too f—king good to become just another well kept secret with a London cult following. As one of the more memorable rock and roll outfits to come out of this country in recent years the Raiders deserve more exposure. Check 'em out — now! **TOOTS DALEY**



**THIN LIZZY**  
Downhill slide?  
Forget it!



# LONG STICK GOES KERRANG!

**KROKUS/MAGNUM**  
Hammersmith Odeon,  
London (20/2/82)

ROCK'N'ROLL — the international passport to smoking pleasure. Smoke, great billows of the stuff, wreathed around the strutting skinny legs of cosmopolitan heavy metallists, Krokus, when they stormed the gates of the Odeon Hammersmith.

The 'gates' were constructed of stout cardboard, and made a suitably theatrical backdrop. The smoke was of the quick evaporating type, but there was often so much being generated back stage and pumped out through the scenery, that lead singer Marc Storace frequently disappeared in a fog. One might have expected him to choke to a halt, but Marc is aptly nicknamed 'The Voice', and those tonsils, inspired by the likes of Little Richard and Ian Gillan, roared with ungassable fury. And when Marc wasn't yelling, and the band wasn't blasting like an avalanche demolishing an alpine village, then the audience was chanting **K-R-O-K-U-S! K-R-O-K-U-S!**

Krokus are Swiss and Marc is from Malta, but it doesn't matter what part of the world a band comes from, as long as they can deliver — with conviction. Krokus could be Albanians — it wouldn't have bothered Hammersmithies eager for a good night's mayhem. Did they get it?

Well, Krokus are a highly professional, extremely competent band, with a 'find' in Marc who is the perfect frontman. They leapt into action with all the confidence and polish that befits a band who have won a worldwide following in just two years.

Their opening shot — a gut wrenching sustained guitar chord that leads into the earth shaking 'Long Stick Goes Boom' is the equivalent of most bands' finale, encore and farewell.

Such a grand entrance can pose problems. They had to struggle to maintain their impact, and a broken guitar string at a crucial moment didn't help. Fernando Von Arb (lead) had to dash off stage for a replacement axe, seconds before he was due up front for a solo. Not that this put them off. But there was an unspoken feeling that the band had probably enjoyed more ecstatic responses on earlier nights of their tour.

Krokus material is refreshingly free of stereotyped block busting,



**KROKUS: blasting like an avalanche**

Apart from the dramatic use of power chords, they vary their dynamic approach, so that drummer Freddy Steady can lay down a relaxed back beat as well as switching on more frantic modes of delivery. Indeed his drum battle with bassist Chris Von Rohr, switching to a secondary drum kit, was one of the show's highlights. Freddy's sonorous bass drum work and expert command of snare drum rudiments were a joy to behold.

Mark Kokler's rhythm guitar showed just the right combination of reticence and reliability for what is often a thankless task, and he provided just the right platform for the rest of the band to bounce off. Sometimes the twin guitars sounded like the Rolling Stones fighting their way out of Altamont.

More tracks from their new album, like 'Down The Drain' whipped up the audience to greater

fervour and matches were lit in time honoured fashion. They returned after several moments to girlish screams as Marc appeared stripped to the waist and ready to tear the remnants of his throat to pieces, on 'To The Top' and a brace of encores. They had to work hard, but it was worth it. The audience clapped football style and chanted, and Storace could stagger off in search of honey and tea.

Magnum probably felt they should have been topping the bill after all these years, but accepted support status with good grace, put on a good show and were rewarded by successfully attracting a large percentage of the crowd from the bar.

Lead singer Bob Catley was every inch the seasoned rock hero. Like Storace he'd dispensed with the warmth and comfort of a vest and leapt about bare chested with

cat-like grace. He also sang with a tonal sophistication rare in the barrack rooms of rock.

The band too are well versed in the traditions of what used to be called progressive rock, utilising a device like the clipped keyboard accent stamping on the beat with bass and drums while synthesizers and lead guitar, courtesy of Mark Stanway and Tony Clarkin, swirl in a unison chorus.

Tunes from 'Chase The Dragon' their new album were given prominence and Bob also introduced 'Changes' a number he freely confessed they had been doing for years. I liked the acoustic piano sound used to introduce the big ballad 'The Lights Burned Out', and was impressed by the funky backbeat drumming of Kex Gorin. Recognising quality the audience gave them a standing ovation.

**CHRIS WELCH**



**ROCK  
GODDESS**





# STATUS QUO

When 34 year old Pete Kircher replaced John Coghlan as Quo's drummer no introductions were necessary. Folkestone-born Kircher, picked from over 400 applicants, first met Quo when a previous band, Shanghai, supported them on their 'Blue For You' album tour in 1976. He kept in touch subsequently, and when Coghlan left during a Swiss recording session to concentrate on his own band Diesel, he was brought in first temporarily and later on a permanent basis. Clearly overwhelmed, all he could say was "Cheers!"





# ZAGROT

by ZAKZ

WE'RE A TALENTED BAND  
AREN'T WE?

YEH!

IF YOU SAY  
SO ZAG!

FINGERS  
STUCK!

WELL, WE NEED SOMETHING  
GIMMICKY TO CREATE THE  
PUBLICITY WE WANT!

...AND THIS IS IT!

A BLEEDIN'  
CHICKEN?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ZAG?

I KNOW I'M A BIT  
THICKO! BUT I CAN'T  
SEE WHAT YOU MEAN  
EITHER!

REMEMBER THAT GEEZER WHO  
BITE OFF THE DOYES HEAD ON  
STAGE?

JESUS, YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO DO IT, ZAG??  
YOU'VE GOT MORE GUTS  
THAN ME!

AND A BETTER  
SET OF TEETH,  
I HOPE!

THIS'LL GIVE THOSE FANS SOME-  
THING TO THINK ABOUT, ALL THAT  
BLOOD RUNNING DOWN MY FACE!  
IT'LL LOOK GREAT ON THIS WHITE  
T-SHIRT!

I CAN SEE IT NOW, 'ZAG' LEAD  
SINGER WITH ZAGROT BITES  
CHICKENS HEAD OFF AND SPITS  
IT AND BLOOD AT ECSTATIC  
FANS!

HEAVE!

AT THE END OF A RATHER SUCCESS-  
FUL GIG. (FOR A CHANGE!)

JUST BEFORE WE DEPART,  
I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY THANK  
YOU, YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT AUD-  
IENCE AND NOW HERE'S SOMETHING  
YOU'LL REMEMBER FOR A VERY  
LONG TIME!

OUR FINALE!

COME HERE YOU  
LITTLE BLEEDER!

PECK!  
PECK!

THEY'LL REMEMBER  
THIS FOR A LONG  
TIME ALRIGHT....

... FOR THE LAUGH THEY HAD !!!

GET THE @\*!%@# THING  
BACK IN THAT CAGE!!!

PECK!  
PECK!



# KERROSWORD! By Sue Buckley

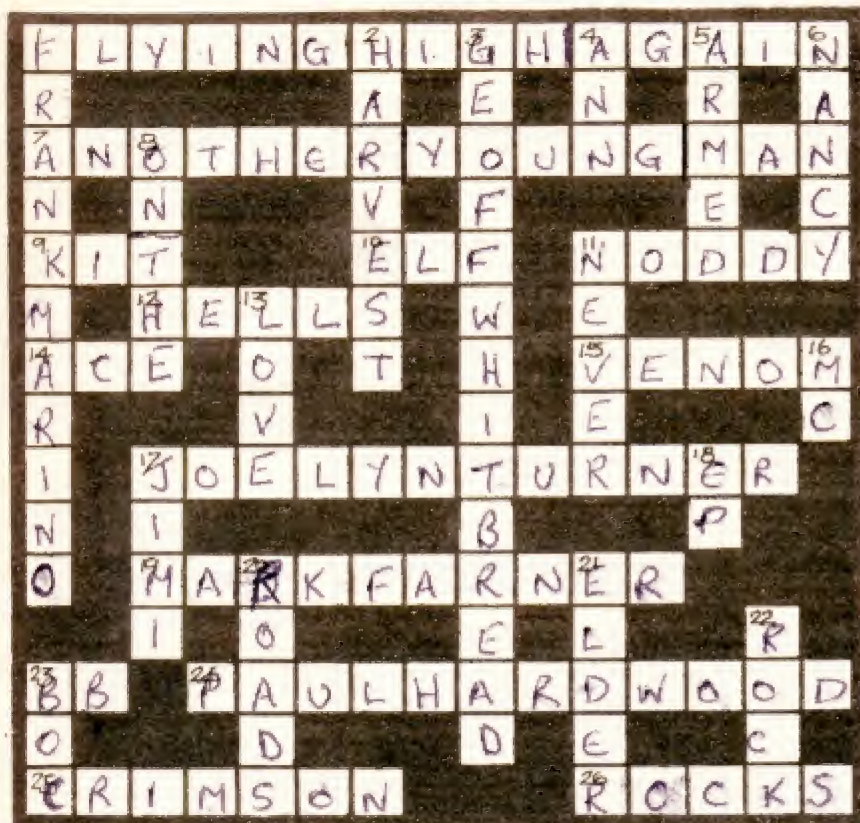
## ACROSS

- 1 Ozzy on Concorde? (6, 4, 5)
- 7 He comes from one down's Power of Rock and Roll (7, 5, 3)
- 9 A drummers' pack? (3)
- 10 One of Dio's old bands (3)
- 11 Slade's puppet but does his mate have big ears? (5)
- 12 AC/DC's bells (5)
- 14 This Kefford led a 'Stand' (3)
- 15 They welcome us to hell (5)
- 17 Like many others he's known to have sung with Ritchie (3, 3, 6)
- 19 With his band he was born to die (4, 6)
- 23 Blues king who has inspired many axe heroes (1, 1)
- 24 Bassist for one down. His name should remind you of the group (4, 8)
- 25 This king's court provided an epic (7)
- 26 see 8.

## DOWN

- 1 He tells tales of the unexpected (5, 6)
- 2 Label to be reaped (7)
- 3 Arc's drummer sounds a good boozier (5, 9)
- 4 and 6 The Heart sisters Wilsons (3, 5)
- 5 What Schenker is as well as ready (5)
- 6 see 4
- 8 and 26 Gillan sounds washed up (2, 3, 5)
- 11 When Sabs say die (5)
- 13 What Grand Prix put on the line (4)
- 16 Five from the sixties or just a comper? (1, 1)
- 17 The voodoo chile? (4)
- 18 What we used to call a maxi single (1, 1)
- 20 Did country ones give Foghat fever (5)
- 21 Older than Kiss (5)
- 22 What AC/DC are about to do (4)
- 23 Big British company for Bloom and Co (1, 1, 1)

**Solution on page 40**



## HANG YOUR GUITAR ON THIS!

### Win Saxon's guitar strap plus T-shirts

Generous to a fault, Saxon's Graham Oliver has bequeathed his guitar strap to Kerrang! Its removal clearly posed a few problems but the much-prized northern heirloom is now in our grasp and ready to be won. Plus nine runners-up can win a Saxon T-shirt. Interested? Then get stuck into the big brain-teasers below.

- 1) What is the number of the flight referred to in '747 (Strangers In The Night)'?
- 2) What is the connection between '747' and 'Dallas 1pm' (apart from the fact they're both Saxon songs)?
- 3) What is Biff's first name?

Answers on a postcard to Saxon Competition, Kerrang!, P.O. Box 16, Harlow, Essex



*Graham Oliver showing nothing is too much trouble for readers of Kerrang!*



HEY ALL you long-haired bikers, would you like to write to two female heavy-rocking lunatic Tiswas freaks who love going to gigs and meeting lots of heavies? We are into all heavy rock. Please send photos if possible (preferably in tight trousers). All letters from any part of the world, will be replied to. Send letters to: — **Flash and Rebel, 65 Wolfraton Lane, Willeby, Hull, Nth Humberside, HU10 6PS.**

HI UK, Who'd like to write to a bloody froggy? I'm 19 and often come to England. Ritchie Blackmore's my hero — I like Rainbow, Purple, Whitesnake, Sabbath, Rush, Quo and Girlschool a great deal. So, Males and females out there, COME ON! All letters will be answered. — **Ritchie Gerbault, 69 Rue Lauriston, 75116 Paris, France.**

I AM an 18 year old headbanger and I'm into Led Zep, Quo, AC/DC, Whitesnake, Black Sabbath, Meatloaf, Rose Tattoo, etc. Could I hear from any HM fans preferably female, in the Poole and Bournemouth area to go to gigs and socialise. — **Richard Cos, 42 Peace Avenue, Parkstone, Poole, Dorset.**

I AM a 15 year old girl, I am into Ozzy, Sabbath, Saxon, B.O.C., Van Halen, Status Quo, Whitesnake and many more. I would like to write to any HM freaks out there, living anywhere in the world, 15+. Get off your butt and start writing to — **Donna Williams, 26 Vera Road, Clydach, Swansea, South Wales, SA6 5QE.**

I'M A 16 year old headbanger into Iron Maiden, Trust, Rose Tattoo, Saxon, Priest, Scorpions, Motorhead etc. also gigs and electric guitars. Male/Female — 14+ — **Peter Creedon, 52 Risdens, Harlow Essex, CM18 1WL.**

TWO FEMALE headbangers into 'the old Sabbath', Rainbow, AC/DC, etc. Would like to get in touch with two male headbangers 15+. — **Karen, 15 Porter Close, Rainhill, Merseyside, L35 6PY.**

LONELY FEMALE 16 year old 'headbanger', wants to meet male 'headbanger' 16+. To exchange news, and go to gigs with. I'm into: Gillan, Quo, AC/DC, Motorhead, Priest, Sabbath, Zeppelin, etc. So you lucky lot find a pen and bit of paper and write to me. Please enclose photo, all letters answered. — **Kay Hughes, 68 Lockyers Drive, Tricketts Cross, Ferndown, Dorset, BH22 8AL.**

MALE HEADBANGER (aged 16) into Def Leppard, Gillan, Lizzy, Sabs and stacks more besides. If you're interested and a loony female headbanger with similar tastes, scribble a reply and send pic to: — **Vic, 19 Kendal Road, Ellestown, Leics, LE6 1EF. (No Erika Roe's please)**

# PENPALS!

*Just send your details to Penpals, Kerrang! 40 Long Acre, London WC2. But if you want to make sure that your Penpals request gets into Kerrang! just fill in the form on the page opposite and send the fee.*

TWO FEMALES would like two Lunatic males with sense of humour to write and possibly meet in our area (Sheffield). Preference will be given to long-haired alcoholics and bike maniacs. Aged 17+. We love Ozzy, Zep, Gillan, AC/DC, Rush, Sabs, Scorpions, UFO and lots more. So come get writin', freaky photos appreciated. — **42 Halesworth Road, Handsworth, Sheffield, S13 9AB.**

HOWDY! I am 22 year old Canadian male headbanger and would like to correspond with females anywhere that are 18 plus, into Saxon, Tygers, Riot, Motorhead, Maiden, UFO, Priest etc. Please send photos, males also accepted. — **Gerald "Heavy Metal Thunder" Yoshids, 1757 East 36th Avenue, Vancouver, BC, Canada V5P 1C6.**

FEMALE HEADBANGER (17) into Led Zep, Purple, Sabs, Motorhead, Saxon and most HM and thinks Robert Plant, Rick Parfitt and Philthy Phil are the world's most wonderful men. Seeks male headbangers 17+ into same. Pref. with long hair, Bristol area or anywhere. Photo if possible. Interested? Write to: **Katherine Thomas, 22 Palmyra Road, Bedminster, Bristol BS3 3HU.**

FEMALE HEADBANGER (15) into Ozzy, Sabbath, DC, Motorhead, Led Zep and most HM, also thinks Robert Plant, Rick Parfitt and Philthy Phil are wonderful seeks male headbangers 16+ with long hair, Walsall/West Midlands area, write to — **Jane Ayres, 11 Longwood Lane, Walsall, West Midlands, WS5 3AT.**

17 YEAR old HM freak into every group under the (Electric) Sun (especially), including Scorpions, AC/DC, Priest, Sabs, UFO, MSG, Rush etc. Would like to hear from any earthling as well as local gig goers. All letters answered. — **Andy (The crow who's bored of being lonesome) 89 Harvist Road, London NW6 6HA.**

I AM a 20 year old male into HM, especially, Y&T, and Diamond Head. I would like to meet a female 17 plus, who lives in the North West London area to go to gigs with and socialise. — **John Cahill, 11 Eyhurst Close, Cricklewood, London NW2 7HP.**

LONELY 20 year old headbanger into Zepp, Purple, Quo, Lizzy, UFO, Aerosmith and Rainbow would like to contact any 17+ female headbangers in the area for gigs, get togethers, photo appreciated. I'd also like to

contact any metal maniacs in the USA or Canada to swap info, tapes, mags etc. — **Gary King, 149 Wilson Court, Hebburn, Tyne & Wear.**

I'M A 15 year old female headbanger who is very much into B.O.C., Whitesnake, Sabbath, Ozzy, Rush, AC/DC etc. CB Radio, Men and motor bikes. I would like to have a male penpal or females will be accepted. I have one fault (well my parents have). I have a very strict family and I am not always allowed to go to all HM gigs but I hope this will not stop you lush people writing to me. I also have mad crazes for men and boys with long hair. e.g. David Coverdale, Biff and a young man called Anthony Stone (Stoney). — **Suze Summers, 23 Sea View, Sudbrook, Newport, Gwent, NP6 4SU.**

I AM a 20 year old female into Deep Purple, Whitesnake, Gillan, Rainbow, Black Sabbath, Ozzy, Iron Maiden, Scorpions, UFO, Schenker and anything that's worth listening to. I would like to hear from any headbanger who lives in Birmingham (or anywhere else) who would like to go to gigs etc. (Especially Whitesnake at Stafford). Any David Coverdales or Ian Gillans are especially welcome — **Chris Holmes, 14 Mulwyeh Road, Birmingham B33 0BN.**

PLEASE take heed of the cries of one female headbanger called Paula Harrison. I'm so lonely as hardly anyone I know is into heavy metal. My favourite groups are Uriah Heep, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Saxon, Nightwing, Slade, Budgie, Oval Horn, The Covy Lemons, Bastard, Defre Leptit and many more. I'm nearly 14, I'd like penpals from all over the country and I like ginger haired heavies and any others. (If anyone called Lyndon who went to Holimarine Corton this year minus two assets reads this please write as I still love you but never got your address). I'S All letters replied to, if there are too many my cousin Louise, a Motorhead freak will reply to half of them so no one will be disappointed — **Paula Harrison, 5 Earnshaw Terrace, Barnsley, South Yorkshire.**

I'M A 30 year old headbanger into Deep Purple, Motorhead, Led Zepelin and many more. I have a great sense of humour, and like going to concerts and having a good time, I'd like to hear from anybody out there. All letters will be answered. Photos, would be appreciated if possible. — **Bob Paterson, 23 St Olaves Estate, Druid Street, Bermondsey, London SE1.**

I WOULD like some female heavy music freaks to write to and/or meet. I'm a bored 19½ year old, tall (6ft 4ins), good looking (hopefully), intelligent, self-confessed loony with a car (but precious little money) who's into all good heavy music. All letters

answered (photo if possible). — **Darren Richardson, 107 St Marks Road, Woodhouse, Leeds, W Yorks, LS2 9AF.**

ANY YOUNG headbangers out there? If there is, call me at the address below. I like Rush, Ozzy, Sabs, Motorhead, MSG, UFO, Saxon, Tygers, Maiden, Snake, Rainbow, Kiss, AC/DC, BOC, Priest, Leppard, Purple, Gillan, Molly Hatchet, Halen etc. Ages 9 to 11 — **Nick Davies, 4 Malstens Church Street, Claverly, Wolverhampton, WV5 7DJ.**

I AM a 15 year old headbanger, the female variety. I would like male HM fans to write to me. I'm into Led Zep, Whitesnake, Diamond Head, AC/DC, and most HM bands. Must be 15+, no posers eg. glitter badged denims, short hair. So get those ball points burning, you HM hunks. — **Tracy Mitton, 17 Granville Gardens, Didsbury, Manchester 20.**

WOULD NEIL and Phil (from Scunthorpe) who were at Donnington (with Whitesnake '81 flat) or any other Led Zep/Free/BJH etc, freaks (preferably male) write to: — **Ju and Sandra, 27 Willowslea Road, Northwick, Worcester WR3 7QP.**

MY NAME is Maree Buganski and I'm in search of penfriends from all over the world. I'm 19 years old and I love rock music. My two fave bands are Gurl and La Rox and I also listen to Van Halen, Girlschool, AC/DC, Rod Stewart, Queen etc. I'd like to hear from anyone even if you have different tastes in music! Swappers welcome! — **Maree Buganski, 3623 Van Buren St, Mpls, MN 55418, America.**

I'M AN Irish headbanger. I am into Motorhead, Tank, Vardis, Iron Maiden, Thin Lizzy. I would like to write to a female headbanger aged 16-17 to exchange views, tapes etc. I am also a M/H/B No. 4718. So come on girls start writing, I would love to hear from you. Photo is possible. Cheers you lot, NWOBHM Rules. Keep on headbanging. — **Mark Lacken, 20 Hillview, Rathmullen, Drogheda, Co. Louth, Rep of Ireland.**

I AM 15 and would like to meet a biker/rocker (not in a bike club) who is over 5ft 7in. Preferably living somewhere near Didsbury. Weird names preferred eg Jaspur, Gem, Jason, Joel, not necessary, Sabbath (without Dio), AC/DC, Zep. Very Lonely and into loving relationships (not too serious). P.S. Long hair preferred, looks not important but no Pot people and sense of humour. — **Debbi, 12 Withnell Road, Kingsway, Manchester M19 1GH.**

CALLING ALL you, lush, long haired, bits of nookie. I'm George, she's Jack, we're both female and too good for words! Ozzy, MSG, (Cozy Powell, cor!) and Zeppelin are truly amazing, a bit of Whitesnake doesn't go amiss either. Jack is ultra into Rush especially Alex Lifeson!! I am deeply into Sabbath, new and old, Ozzy and Dio are both excellent in their own right!! So if you have nothing better to do, please write to: — **George (16), 52 Gaynesford, Basildon, Essex. — Jack (17), 113 Lionel Road, Canvey Island, Essex.**

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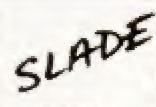
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# LETTERS

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COME WITH ME, IN THE SEARCH FOR THE WORTHWHILE QUEST.



WE APPEAR, in a flash of blinding light in a dark dimension known only to your kind as Hell. No flames caress sulphur-stenching air, nay, only an atmosphere of death and inhospitality. A winding path leads off into evil forests and shadowy valleys where demons drink the blood of the living. Come through these forests for you are safe with me.

Pass through the 'Pillars Of Prey', where the first pentagrams were etched. These stones emitting strange and disordered moans and cries.

We arrive at the 'Ebon Citadel', a huge spire of solid black in the shape of a tower, protruding out from the seat of souls where your so called 'Heaven' lies. 'Heaven', a swelling mass of cringing life-forces following

a non-realistic faith. We need to reach the top of the tower. "There, we shall find the only reality".

Through the swirling waves of dismembered Christians we sail, in the rib cage of a giant behemoth of a beast. The sombre sea calling, beckoning for help. Help which will never come.

Eventually we reach the citadel under the blood-coloured skies, we stare, you fear, I do not. The great door opens to unveil its staircase of bone. We walk into the gloom. Upward we go, passing doors that lead to other dimensions, and other hosts, feeling the presence of ominous evil you shiver and grab my cloaked body.

Your feminine touch does something to me, yet I am not supposed to feel... 'emotions'. I shrug, and take you by the hand up to the highest point of the tower. We enter. A shriek escapes your ruby lips, as you see a figure chained against the wall. Some may know his name, 'Howard Johnson', some know him, as all should, as insane. He deserves what he gets. Then, from a chamber about the room, demonic chants begin to sound. Getting louder all the time, you hold your hands to your ears sobbing for what this 'Howard' had written for you to remember what a certain manuscript called 'Kerrang!' had let him write about the "true quest" Venom. They are the "quest" one everyone should be looking for. A foul stench and smokey cloud rises from the floor as a great horned figure stands, cloven-hoofed, yes, he is the devil, the second in command to the

true Satan by the great and glorious name of 'Bon Scott'. Yes, he too, recalls that 'Howard' gave Venom a knock on the earthly planes. That is the reason I have brought you to witness the coming of Lucifer to give me Azrael, the angel of death, the signal. The horned head nods and I am let loose into this 'Howard', he dies, and joins the others in the "sea of lost souls". Yet there is one more matter to settle, a colour Venom picture in Kerrang! soon or you may all be chained against the wall of the room at the top of the 'Ebon Citadel'. Spread the word. — **Dedicated to Carol Morris, Steven Thompson and Sean Wardle. Azrael, c/o The Devil, Hades.**

DEAR MR Johnson. Regarding your comments on our LP 'Welcome To Hell' in Kershit No 8, we would like to thank you. But wait, what is this "thank you" you might say. For if we wish to ask opinion of our latest work, do we not go unto our fathers and say 'Verily, son, is a merry tune', do we not scrap the shit? But if he do say, "Son, that's the biggest load of horse shit I've ever heard", we make merry and rejoice, for it will be our next single.

Now you may well ask yourself 'What is the meaning of this crap'. But there is a moral to my story, 'Don't feed old men heavy metal'.

We don't like giving old-aged journalists a hard time, but we certainly are. Also may I suggest that Mr Johnson retire to his reclining wheelchair and seek comfort with his over-the-top Journey LPs. — **Stan speaking for Venom.**

I MUST protest about the content of Kerrang! No 8. The obscene placing of Angry Anderson's appendage was shocking enough, not to mention the provocative position exhibited by Miss Benatar on the opposite page. However, the cause of my anxieties is what happens when these pages are closed together. THEY ARE IN MORE THAN CLOSE PROXIMITY!!!

Also, I wish to address a question to the photographed MEMBER? of the Tygers Of Pan Tang on page 30. Do you realise one usually EATS an éclair, not inserts it into one's orifices?

The issue was of a highly promiscuous nature and was thoroughly ORGASMIC!! — **Mrs M. Whitehouse (really a load of pissed Woodbridge School HEADBANGERS)**

SPEAKING AS somebody who has been into Slade for 12 years, I strongly object to Steve Gitt's recent article in Kerrang! in which he referred to their days as a "teenybop band!" Slade were never a teenybop band! Back in their heyday of '72/'73/'74 there were two straits of music — rock and pop. Rock was classified as Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple, ELP, Uriah Heep, Pink Floyd and Black Sabbath. While pop was classified as David Cassidy, The New Seekers, Gary Glitter and the ghostly Osmonds. Slade came somewhere in

between, a lot of rock fans liked them, and a lot of pop fans liked them. If I can recall my days as a 13-15-year-old properly, at school all the girls liked Donny Osmond, while all the boys liked Slade.

There was also a sort of "intermediate" group of artistes, like David Bowie, Elton John and Alice Cooper, which I think Slade belonged to. Certainly Slade could rock as hard and furious as any of them live, it's only because Slade were a big singles band and in competition with Donny and Co. (no contest really) that people like Steve Gitt remember Slade as teenybop.

For all Slade's current followers, I would suggest you hunt through the bargain bins for the classic early albums 'Slade Alive!' and 'Slaved', and you'll see what I mean, heavy metal second to none. And if you look for the criminally under-rated 1977 album 'Whatever Happened to Slade?' you'll find music just as heavy as AC/DC or Saxon, and you'll be amazed it took Slade until 1980 to finally get accepted by the heavy metal fraternity. Slade's new fans have just discovered a great, great band, but as anybody who was into them in '72 will tell you, their current music is only the tip of the iceberg. If you never liked them 10 years ago, boy did you miss something! — **Waley McHeadband, Scotland.**

TO THE only mag worth wasting money on. Have you lot had a bleedin' brainstorm or something? I nearly had a heart attack when I saw that you had actually found room in Kerrang! No 8 attempting a picture??! of Klaus Meine of the Scorpions. Surely you can dig up something better than that on such an ace band. So let's see some real Scorpions pics from now on. — **Sheila, Rose Lane, Preston.**

WE ALL sympathise with Ozzy getting rabies, and hope the same will happen to craphead Dio (only that he dies). — **IRONMAN**

HAVING PURCHASED all the current Kerrangs, bar the first, I have a few suggestions to make. Why aren't there any 'meaty' articles to get your teeth into? Let's face it, there isn't really much to read anyway! Quite frankly I'm fed up with finishing the magazine half an hour after buying it. I'll tell you something else as well, I can honestly say the colour photos of certain groups are about as exciting as watching an eunuch banging away with Maggie Thatcher. — **T.T.F.N., Stockton, Cleveland.**

OH, KERRANG! No 8! I saw the cover, noted the luscious female, restrained myself and then looked down the list of this issue's

contents. And there it was, in small but outstanding letters... **KISS. They were inside. THE HOTTEST BAND IN THE WORLD! KISS!** Gasp. Disbelief. Fingers trembling, I flicked through the pages of your hallowed rag. And lo and behold! Two pages of rock's loudest (note) and most powerful band, not only that, but a decent review of 'em, presented as only Kerrang! could. If this had appeared anywhere else, it would have been littered with sarcasm and sardonic comments. Because other, non-heavy, journalists, are scared of a rock 'n' roll band who dare to be so outrageous and over-the-top. And for any rock fans reading this with a malicious smile on their lips, just try listening to 'The Elder', with an open mind.

Mucho thanks for this far-out feature, guys. — **Rich Bunting, Goss Hall, Ashover, Derbyshire.**





ALL I'VE read on the Kerrang! letters page are infantile letters lavishing praise on the mag, so how about some balance, huh? I'm not about to worship you people for putting out a mag in order to cash in on a fashion you created in *Sounds*, followed by mindless cretins like Dave from Manchester who 'chose' to get into HM 'to be different'. What a prat. If you had decided to publish in 1977/78 at the height of the punk fashion as 'Rock On' did, then you'd deserve some praise.

You waste far too much space giving coverage to talentless no-hope bands like Venom (that band is just too ridiculous to laugh at) and other jumpers-onto the HM-bandwagon. Heavy Metal Records, for instance. Don't you realise that there are sheep all over the country who believe anything that you print? You only have to look at the poll results to see that. Having seen Whitesnake at Donington I can tell you for a fact that the band are carrying Jon Lord and he is not half the keyboards player he once was.

As for Blackmore as best guitarist, does anybody really believe he can play rock guitar better than everyone else in the world. He may be fast but that's nothing. He is so inflexible it's unreal and he no longer has any creativity which the likes of Eddie Van Halen does. These children who voted for him did so because of his reputation, they wouldn't recognise a good guitarist if he hit them over the head with a Les Paul.

Finally, do you have to keep printing letters listing the gigs that nuggets have attended? Let's get one thing straight, quality is what counts, not quantity.

The only way to drag Kerrang! out of the cesspit is to cover Hawkwind and Zeppelin in every issue. — **AJD, Master Of The Universe, Chesterfield.**

I AM 22 years old and have been into HR — HM since '74. My favourite band is Queen but also in my record collection of well over 160 are Zeppelin, AC/DC, Rush, Genesis, Floyd, Rainbow, Gillan, Yes, Purple, Lizzy, Quo, Maiden, Tattoo, Sabbath, etc. But I also have Duran Duran, Police, Jam (for their energy), Be Bop Deluxe, Human League, Toyah, even Kate Bush, U2, etc.

The point I'm trying to make is that you don't have to limit yourself to one music. Just because you start off being a rock fan doesn't mean to say you've got to listen to metal all the time. I don't think there's anything wrong in listening to a Sabbath track, take the LP off then put the Police on, for instance.

I think people who are against this are very negative people. We should be able to listen to all types of music as long as it is good.

This thing about being called a poseur. Well, I dress slightly smart, ie dress jacket, straight jeans and sometimes I wear a collar and tie. This just goes to prove you can wear what you want because you're true to yourself with the music you have in your record collection. After all, I know soul freaks who wear nothing but denim.

So what I'm trying to say is rock and metal fans should stick together, irrespective of their dress sense. Because all we need is the music of Good Times. So if anyone called me a

poseur they should think about themselves. After all, I'm not afraid to buy a copy of Kerrang! which some patch-clad denim kids are. So they don't have the right to call me a poseur. — **An angry rock fan who dresses smartly and doesn't like the idea of being called a poseur, but definitely likes heavy metal, call it what you like it's great, 'maaan'. Keep up the good work. Angus Kenny, Duries Park, East Lothian, Scotland.**

OWING TO my sheer lust of that charming, beautiful, sex goddess of an actress Pamela Stephenson, I find myself frequently visiting the Public and Works lavatories not knowing the outcome. — **Wayne King, Birmingham.**

FIRSTLY, THANKS for bringing out the best mag ever. Secondly, after reading your article on Motorhead in America it mentioned that they played to a crowd of only 1400 fans. This seems stupid to me because when they tour the UK they never come to Middlesbrough, but instead, like so many other bands, go to Newcastle and play two nights there. Take last year, Maiden and Slade came to Middlesbrough Town Hall playing to packed houses of about 5000 noise-hungry fans. Surely if they split the two nights to one at Newcastle of 6000 people, and the other to 5000 at Middlesbrough this would please thousands of rockers, headbangers and bikers, etc, who also live in the wilds like myself. — **Roy Dickenson, Oak Walk, Saltburn, Cleveland.**

I AM writing this letter to find out if there is anybody like me anywhere. I'm happily married and have just clocked up four years. I'm 23 and I'm not hell bent on producing babies like most women of my age, in fact I don't even like them.

According to some people I know it's about time I grew out of patched jeans and the longing to own a black leather bike jacket. I love to go to the local heavy rock pub and would play Whitesnake numbers round the clock given half a chance. With a few AC/DC and Saxon thrown in for good measure. But I'm happy to headbang to anything that's playing at the time. I'm learning to ride a bike and that has had a few eyes rolling skywards with sounds of 'When she falls off she'll soon forget that one'. I'll show them. So if you're married, female, and ride a bike, please write and we can have a good nag about all of them wishy-washy women who drive cars, push prams and read True Romance mags. — **Mrs Julie Burke, 58 Albert Road, Pellym, Halifax, West Yorkshire.**

I FEEL I must write to you about the lack of HM venues in Belfast. If you think Glasgow is badly hit, you should see Belfast. The city is full of thousands of headbangers in the province and we have had only three venues in 1981, which were Motorhead twice and Rose Tattoo once. I look down the upcoming British tours column in Kerrang! and *Sounds* but never see Belfast, just venues like Hammersmith, etc. After all, Northern Ireland is in the UK and if good ol' Motorhead and Rose Tattoo can make it I'm sure the rest

# WHITESNAKE ALPHABET



Whitesnake's David Coverdale

**A** is for Apple containing the snake.  
**B** is for Bernie who makes no mistake.  
**C** is for Coverdale, singing brought fame.  
**D** is for Dave who's worth mentioning again.  
**E** is for Elegant, that's David's snake tie.  
**F** is for Fan 'til the day I die.  
**G** is for Girl who made their time tough.  
**H** is for Hotstuff, they can't get enough.  
**I** is for Ian keeping 'Paice' on the drums.  
**J** is for Jon who's never all thumbs.  
**K** is for Keyboards that the 'Lord' plays so right.  
**L** is for Lovehunter, by day and by night.  
**M** is for Micky, an unforgettable face.  
**N** is for Neil, a wizard on bass.  
**O** is for Outlaw, with no peace of mind.  
**P** is for Purple, the band left behind.  
**Q** is for Question so tell me no lie.  
**R** is for Ready and Willing to buy.  
**S** is for Sweet talker, so you'd better run.  
**T** is for Tina Beans, she sounds like fun.  
**U** is for Us the UNTROUBLEsome crowd.  
**V** is for Vibration when the music is loud.  
**W** is for Wine, women and wishing us well.  
**X** is for Dave's kisses for which all the girls yell.  
**Y** is for You 'n' me now we've all found,  
**Z** is for Zowie, they're the best band around.

*V. Czerny, Goodymoor Ave, Wells, Somerset.*

of the bands could include Belfast in their UK tours. — **Billiards of Northern Ireland.**

I'VE JUST finished looking through Kerrang! No 9, and I've decided that compared with other issues, KERRAP! would be more appropriate. — **Wally, Neston.**

I HAVE noticed that a lot of your readers have written saying that they'd like to see more groups like Motorhead, Quo and Sabbath — and that they hate NWOBHM. But just think, how did bands like Deep Purple, Led Zep and Rainbow become known? I mean, when most old, but good groups split up, who's going to keep heavy metal going? So if you don't accept these new groups, there aren't going to be any heavy metallists in the next 10 or 20 years. So stop writing to Kerrang! asking for this and that, just let them give these new groups publicity. — **Paul Vercoe-Rogers, Hillcrest, Truro, Cornwall.**

SO ALICE Cooper and his bunch of session men are touring the country? Big deal! It hardly warrants a mention in Kerrang! You see, the Alice Cooper group split up after recording 'Muscle Of Love' in 1973 and what followed was the biggest load of trash ever. How the hell Cooper ever thought he could follow the likes of 'Easy Action' or 'Love It To Death' with pop like 'From The Inside' is beyond me. But the saddest part is that Cooper is still

dragging out the days of old, his rehash of 'Generation Landslide' is abysmal, as was his 'Alice Cooper Show' live album. — **Iain Davie, Beds.**

IF THERE'S owt that pisses me off more than owt, it's bloody little schoolkids with short hair and denim waistcoats who think they are the ultimate rockers.

You can't even turn up at a gig without stumbling over bloody tribes of 10-year-old boys covered in AC/DC badges and studded wristbands.

I could accept a couple, I suppose, but bloody hell, there's a difference in shitting and ripping your arse!

Oh yeah! keep up the good work, you lot, 'cos we all love Kerrang! — **Marc Gillott.**





**TANK.**

**TANK.**



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